

THE GRAND RAPIDS TRIBUNE.

DRUMB & SUTOR, Publishers.

Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, March 3, 1915.

VOLUME XXI. NO. 26.

ENTERTAINMENT A SUCCESS.
Sherman-Kamps Recital Co., Prove to Be Artists of Rare Talent—Program Full of Features.

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Part I.
The Music Master . . . Chas. Klein
Herr Anton Von Barwig—the Musical Master.
Henry Stanton—A wealthy New Yorker.
Helen Stanton—His daughter.
Beverly Cruger—Her fiance.
Jenny—The maid.
Scene!—Van Barwig's apartments in Houston Street.

Scene II.—The Music Room at the Stanton residence.
Scene III.—Same as Scene I.
Part II: . . .
(a) To the Sea . . . Edw. MacDowell
(b) Shepherds All and Maidens Fair E. Nevin
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Character Sketches.
(a) A Song of Spring . . . Niedlinger
(b) Not Really . . . L. Novelli
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Lyrics With Musical Setting—
(a) Lullaby . . . E. Fiel
(b) Good Bye, God Bless You . . . E. Field

—Don't miss the Sherman-Kamps Recital Co. at the Congregational church Friday evening, March 5th. Tickets 25c.

The Normalington Brothers recently installed in their laundry here a new fangled collar moulder, which is supposed to be the very latest in this sort of machinery. The Normalington Brothers never miss a chance to make any improvement that will increase the efficiency of their plant,

It is about time that some of our exchanges started a story about the proposed cutoff that the Soo line intends to build this year between Grand Rapids and Mukwonago. We do not like to start this story ourselves, but of course a desperate man will do almost anything. There is no doubt in our mind that the cutoff will be built this year, simply for the reason that no preparations have been made, something that has not happened for a dozen years or more, but of course we do not want to raise any false hopes nor start a report that might turn out not to be true.

Neal Grignon, who enlisted in the United States navy last fall, is in the city visiting with friends and relatives. Since enlisting Neal has been stationed at Chicago, and part of his time is occupied in attending school and a part in the regular routine drill of the navy. He is well pleased with his location and is of the opinion that there are as many chances for advancement where he is as in almost any walk of life.

God rights the man that keeps silence—from the Persian.

LAND PATENTS.

—A Land Patent is the deed or instrument by which the Government conveys to have a deaf and dumb agricultural academy established in this city, and a very necessary thing it is, too, but the papers up at Marshfield, have seen fit to find fault with the measure, and even insinuated that we already have more than our share of the good things down here. The only thing they have up there is an insane asylum, and it seems that they've put out about the matter. Well, we did not force the insane asylum onto them. If they did not want it, there are a number of nice sites in this section of the country where it might have been placed, sites that are much more picturesque than the place which it now occupies, and where the patients would have a beautiful scene before their eyes at all times. Well, it is probably impossible to please everybody.

Lost Their Infant Son.

The remains of Raymond Neumann, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Neumann of Green Bay, were brought to this city on Tuesday. The little fellow was one year old at the time of his death, and was born in this city, the family having lived here until about eight months ago. The funeral, in charge of Undertaker W. T. Lyle, is to be held this afternoon from the home of Fred Wittberg on 12th Avenue N., at two o'clock, Rev. Wm. Nonnenmacher officiating.

New Officers Elected.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Johnson & Hill Co., the following directors were elected: G. W. Mead, G. M. Hill, Mrs. N. Johnson, R. F. Johnson, I. P. Witte and C. F. Kruger. The directors elected the following officers: G. M. Hill President, Geo. W. Mead, Vice President, C. F. Kruger, secretary and superintendent, A. M. Wilson, manager.

The company has enjoyed a good business the past year and look for a much greater business for the coming year.

Buys Fine Stallion.

Albert Marceaux of Neekoosa returned from Ashkum, Ill., where he purchased the Percheron Stallion Tammie. The horse is registered No. 3681 (39321) is coal black and weighs 1010 and has won three prizes at leading fairs. Mr. Marceaux will have the horse on exhibition at the stock fair next Tuesday at the barn of Dr. V. P. Norton.

Commercial Under New Management.

W. E. Warren, the new proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, took charge of the place on Monday morning, and the indications are that things will continue along there about the same as heretofore. Mr. Mulroy, the retiring proprietor, intends to move to Milwaukee to make his home as soon as he has closed up his business affairs here.

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Cow records for sale at this office.

COMING STOCK FAIR.

Next Tuesday, March 9th, will be the Date of the Event.

—The next monthly stock fair to be held in this city will occur on Tuesday, March 9th, on which occasion the east side market square will be the scene of festivities.

Manager John Bell says that the coming event will surely be a hummer. His reason for making this statement is because Mayor Cohen has offered a pair of baby shoes to the woman who brings in the prettiest baby on fair day. Altho the mayor is a bachelor, it appears that he sets himself up to be some judge when it comes to picking out handsome babies, and the result is that all the lady readers of the Tribune who have a baby on hand, are advised to bring them in and allow the mayor to give them the once over, for they may get a prize.

While potatoes are not bringing a very high price this spring, the Empire, in order to show that they appreciate the products of the soil, are offering a box of cigars to the person who brings in the nicest peck of Early Rose potatoes.

Mr. Bell states that fresh milk cows are in great demand at the present time and that there is no question but what all that are brought in can be readily disposed of.

Those who have second hand machinery to dispose of, or furniture that has been used that they want to dispose of are advised to bring the goods in to the fair and they will be disposed of in a neat and expeditious manner, and the cost to the owner of the good will be so slight that it will never be noticed.

The Reiland Packing Company will pay the highest market price for cattle, hogs and sheep that are in condition for killing.

The brewing company will give an eighth of beer to the farmer who brings in the largest number of empty kegs.

There will also be a representative of the F. Mackinnon company on the grounds to give a demonstration of this famous wagon, something that all farmers in this vicinity should see.

Don't forget the day and date. At the east side market square on Tuesday, March 9th.

William Buchanan of the town of Wood was a business visitor in the city on Tuesday and while here favored the Tribune with a pleasant call.

Mr. Buchanan is located between Vesper and Pittsville, but makes trips to this city pretty regularly, he having a number of customers here that he supplies with farm products during the season.

NEW COMPANY WILL SOON BE OPERATING

The new Prentiss-Wabers company which was recently organized in this city are gradually getting things into shape, and hope to get started up in the course of a few weeks.

The Wipperman factory, in which the company will be located, has to undergo some repairs before it can be used, and it will also be necessary to put up a new smokestack on the building.

When things are straightened around in the building, however, they will have an exceptionally good place as there is an abundance of room for the purpose intended, and the factory is nicely located. Mr. Prentiss recently returned from the south where he had been purchasing a supply of material, and a part of this has already arrived.

The article that is attracting the most attention that will be manufactured by the company is their kitchenette. This is made in several sizes with various equipments, so that the taste and requirements of the customer may be suited to a nicely. The foundation of the equipment is a folding gasoline stove. The smaller sizes of this are very cheap and one of them could be owned by almost anybody who cared for a thing of this kind. Then there are higher priced outfits with more equipment, and some of these are quite elaborate and calculated to satisfy the most exacting. These outfit are made so as to be especially compact, and are especially for the use of automobiles, who could place one in a car and carry it about on a camping trip with the waste of very little room and by consuming a minimum of space.

The company is receiving some very complimentary words concerning the kitchenette, and the general opinion seems to be that it will be a winner when put onto the market.

Locals Lose a Game.

The Stevens Point Normal basketball team came over last Friday evening and played a game with the local highschool team, the score standing 11 to 10 at the end of the game. Those who saw the game pronounced it one of the fastest and snappiest of the season. At the end of the first half the visitors had not secured a point, while the locals had grabbed six, and it looked very much as if the locals were going to send the visitors home disgraced, but in the second half the normal team seemed to get their bearings, and when the visitors had been counted at the end of the game it was found that the visitors were one to the good.

The visitors drove over to this city and did not arrive until a late hour, owing, it was reported, to having lost their way on the trip.

W. W. Clark.

Mrs. Dixon May Build.

Mrs. John Dixon is having plans drawn for a two story building which she is considering building this spring on her land between the Johnson & Hill Co. store and the Hotel Dixon. The building will be over 40 feet in width, 100 feet in length and two stories high. The lower part will be divided into two store buildings, one part which will be the vacancy made by the withdrawal of Prof. Richard Frost that position.

The date for the first saengerfest has been set for July 25th, on which occasion it is expected that there will be a large crowd in the city not only to bear part in the singing but also to bear the program, which it is expected will be something out of the ordinary.

Read carefully the following price list or representative items, then our guarantee below which protects you absolutely. Then if money goes to waste anything to you, you are certainly justified in trying this line.

Toatoes, per can 8c

Corn, per can 8c

String Beans, per can 8c

Lima Beans, per can 8c

Pork and Beans, per can 8c

Blackberries, per can 8c

Goosberries, per can 8c

Campbell's Soups, per can 8c

Evaporated Milk, per can 8c

Tomato Catsup, per bottle 8c

Mustard, (prepared), per jar 8c

Beets, per can 8c

Pine Peaches, per can 8c

Desert Peaches, per can 8c

Pineapples, per can 8c

Columbia River Salmon (1 lb. can) 10c

Sardines, per can 8c

Cove Oysters, per can 8c

Pickles, per bottle 8c

Peanut Butter, per jar 8c

Syrup, per can 8c

Hominy, per can 8c

Sauerkraut, per can 8c

Butter Color, per bottle 10c

Molasses, per can 8c

Ground Spices (all kinds) per pound 20c

Extracts, (all kinds) per bottle 10c

Gloss Starch, per package 5c

Corn Starch, per package 5c

Blining, per bottle 5c

Annonia, per bottle 5c

Baking Powder, per can 10c

Washing Powder, per package 5c

Powdered Cleaner, per can 5c

Scouring Soap, per package 5c

Stove Polish, per package 5c

Shoe Polish, per package 5c

Tea, per pound 30c

Coffee, per pound 25c

Celebrate Wedding Anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Rezin of the town of Cranmore celebrated their 53rd wedding anniversary on Sunday, on which occasion a number of neighbors and friends assembled at the home to assist in the festivities.

Mr. Rezin has reached his 77th year and Mrs. Rezin is 81, and though they have not been enjoying the best of health of late, they have been doing very well considering their advanced age. Mr. and Mrs. Rezin are pioneer residents of Wood county, having lived here for half a century.

WIN Organics Sons of Veterans.

After canvassing the matter privately it was decided to organize a camp of the Sons of Veterans in this city. There are a large number in this city and vicinity who are eligible to membership, and enough of these have signified their willingness to go into such an organization so as to make a pretty respectable showing.

H. S. Slegelko of Madison will be here on the 10th of March for the purpose of organizing the new camp.

Advices, received from George B.

McMillian, who is spending the winter at St. Petersburg, Florida, are to the effect that he has been suffering considerably from rheumatism since he went down there. George is quite a fisherman, but it was understood from his letters that he had been unable to indulge in his favorite amusement on account of the trouble mentioned above.

Circulating Nomination Papers.

Nomination papers for Frank W.

Calkins for justice of the peace were circulated during the past week and they have been signed freely by the citizens of Grand Rapids. There is no doubt but what Mr. Calkins will be elected if he makes the run.

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Legal Blanks at the Tribune office.

W. T. LYLE

Licensed Embalmer and

Funeral Director.

Lady Attendant if desired.

Office phone 885. Res. phone 884.

Store on west side.

FRANK BIRON MEETS ACCIDENTAL DEATH

Frank Biron, son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Biron of Biron, died on Sunday at Chippewa Falls after meeting with an accident on the Soo line near Stanley the day previous.

Mr. Biron was employed as brakeman on the Soo line, a position that he had held for some time past, and while engaged in making a coupling with another when the conductor was hit by the railroad company, but rather than have a scene on the train he let the matter drop.

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PRICE IS NOT FIXED

HEAD OF CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE APPEARS AT PRICE INQUIRY IN NEW YORK.

BLAMES THE WAR FOR COST

C. H. Canby Tells United States Investigators There Is No Danger of Wheat Shortage—Opposes Embargo on Exportation of Grain.

New York, Feb. 25.—At the request of the attorney general's investigation of the increased cost of wheat, bread and flour, C. H. Canby, president of the Chicago board of trade, the first of several witnesses of national reputation to testify under inquiry, gave his views on price advances.

Mr. Canby denied speculation was responsible for the high price of wheat. He asserted that the law of supply and demand has caused a steady rise in the price of grain and that the present quotations are induced by the European demand.

Mr. Canby said that the United States still has 75,000,000 bushels of wheat.

"There is no shortage and no danger of one," he continued.

The rate of exportation has slowed down and indications are for continued diminution until the new crop is harvested. The high cost of ocean freights—practically double what they were at the outset of the war—is one cause for this lessening of the outward tide. That has discouraged exports and has resulted in a gradual lowering of prices. There will be less buying for future delivery from now on."

Mr. Canby announced himself as opposed to an embargo on the exportation of wheat.

"That would be tampering with the laws of supply and demand," he said. "The farmer is really selling wheat, sense, at the present time. Just think what Germany would pay for 50,000,000 bushels if she could get it."

NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR

Washington, Feb. 24.—Reports of Japan's demands on China still are of such a conflicting nature that the American government has not been able to outline a policy. President Wilson told callers he was not certain what the exact demands were, but indicated that the subject is being carefully studied.

Washington, Feb. 24.—Dwight Theodor had abdicated his office of president of Haiti and taken refuge on the Dutch steamer Frederick Hendrik in the harbor at Port au Prince. After touching at one of the southern Haitian ports the steamer will proceed to Curacao. Local officials have taken charge of the capital, official dispatches say, and are maintaining order awaiting General Guillaume, leader of the revolutionist army, which is outside the city. The United States will carry out its purpose to send a commission to the republic in an effort to put its finances in condition to satisfy foreign creditors and restore order.

SECOND U. S. SHIP IS SUNK

Steamer Carib, Carrying Cargo of Cotton, Destroyed by Mine in North Sea—Fate of Crew in Doubt.

Berlin, Feb. 25 (via wireless).—The second American steamer sunk since the German proclamation establishing a war zone in the North sea went into effect struck a mine on Tuesday in the North sea off the German coast, and sank. She was the steamer Carib, of the Clyde line, carrying a cargo of cotton to Bremen from Charleston, S. C., which port she left January 27. There is no news of the fate of the Carib's crew. The steamer was not following the route laid down by the German naval authorities for neutral shipping when she was destroyed.

TURK FORTS ARE BATTERED

British and French Fleets Engage in Two-Day Fight on Dardanelles' Defenses.

London, Feb. 23.—The Turkish forts on both sides of the Dardanelles have been subjected to a constant bombardment lasting two days, in which the British and French Mediterranean fleets were assisted by a large squadron of seaplanes and aeroplanes.

The British official report issued on Saturday said that the forts on the European side of the straits were silenced and that only one of the forts on the Asiatic side were still firing, while none of the warships had been damaged. Many of the defenders were killed.

One Killed in Train Wreck.

Pewee, Feb. 25.—Denver & Rio Grande passenger train No. 15 was wrecked 12 miles south of Colorado Springs. The fireman is reported to have been killed and several passengers injured.

Germans Call Men Aged Forty-Eight.

Genoa, Feb. 25.—Germany up to the age of forty-eight eligible for service with the landsturm troops have been recalled here from Switzerland to join the colors not later than March 3.

Post Office and Bank Robbed.

Hammond, Ind., Feb. 24.—The post office safe at LaSalle was robbed of \$600 worth of stamps. The vault in the Citizens' State bank at Farmersburg, Ind., was blown open and \$5,000 stolen.

Jewelry Store Robbed of \$20,000.

Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 24.—The jewelry store of Weinsteins & Small was robbed during the night of jewelry and diamonds to the value of \$20,000 according to a statement by the proprietor.

Negroes Flee by Hundreds.

New Madrid, Mo., Feb. 23.—As the result of the warnings of "night riders" that they must leave the district before Tuesday morning nearly three hundred negroes of New Madrid county Friday night.

Friend of Cleveland Dies.

St. Paul, Minn., Feb. 23.—Michael Doran, eighty-seven years old, an intimate friend of the late Grover Cleveland and long known as a Democratic politician, died here suddenly on Saturday afternoon.

U. S. SHIP IS SUNK

Steamer Evelyn Strikes Mine in the North Sea.

English Vessel Carrying Troops to France Reported to Have Been Destroyed.

Berlin, Feb. 23 (via London).—The American steamer Evelyn, which left New York January 29 with a cargo of cotton for Bremen, struck a mine off Boricum Island in the North sea on Friday. The vessel sank. Her captain and 27 of her crew were saved by a German steamer. It has not been learned what nation placed the mine.

(The Evelyn was a single screw steamship commanded by Captain Smith. She belonged to A. H. Bull & Co. of New York and was chartered to the Harris-Irby Cotton company to take a cargo of cotton to Bremen. She was built in 1883 at Southampton and was of 1,936 tons gross burden. She was 252 feet long and 36 3 feet beam.)

Washington, Feb. 23.—Official announcement that the American steamship Evelyn was blown up and lost on Friday in the North sea was made on Sunday when the state department gave out the following cablegram received from the American consul at Bremen:

The Evelyn, Captain Smith, agent Hull & Co. of New York, blown up Friday at Boricum. Crew saved. Ship and cargo lost. This telegram via Rotterdam.

Secretary Bryan at once had the cablegram reported to the ambassador at Berlin and London with instructions to see that every provision was made for the crew and to report all facts of the explosion as soon as obtained. The message failed to state whether the vessel was destroyed by a mine or some other agency, but in the absence of definite information it is presumed a mine was the agency.

The explosion took place probably twenty to twenty-five miles north of the German town of Emden. Boricum is one of the east Frisian Islands. It is not known by what route the Evelyn reached Boricum, but as Bremen, her destination, is east of Boricum, it was thought that she had put through the English channel.

An English transport with troops of Kitchener's new army which is being rushed to France on board, and another steamship accompanying it have been sunk, according to a wireless dispatch from Berlin received on Sunday by the International News Service, via Sayville, N. J. This is the first news of disaster to a military transport which has reached the United States.

Berlin dispatches via London fail to mention the sinking of the transport, and it is believed the item was deleted by the English censors.

In addition to the two ships mentioned in the Berlin dispatch three more were destroyed in the blockade of the British coast Sunday, making the total ten since the Germans inaugurated their campaign against British shipping.

According to a London Central News dispatch the British trading ship Dorisbush was sunk by a German submarine of the Gulf of Man, an island in the Irish sea. The crew were given five minutes in which to take to the boats. They were picked up by a trawler and landed at Dunbar in County Mayo. The Downshire is the second merchantman sunk since the German blockade began.

Berlin, Feb. 23 (wireless via Sayville).—Main army headquarters issued the following statement:

"On the western front near Nieuport an enemy ship, probably a mine-sweeping vessel, touched a mine and sank. One of the enemy destroyers disappeared when it was shelled by the German land batteries."

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Washington, Feb. 24.—Dwight Theodor had abdicated his office of president of Haiti and taken refuge on the Dutch steamer Frederick Hendrik in the harbor at Port au Prince. After touching at one of the southern Haitian ports the steamer will proceed to Curacao. Local officials have taken charge of the capital, official dispatches say, and are maintaining order awaiting General Guillaume, leader of the revolutionist army, which is outside the city. The United States will carry out its purpose to send a commission to the republic in an effort to put its finances in condition to satisfy foreign creditors and restore order.

SECOND U. S. SHIP IS SUNK

Steamer Carib, Carrying Cargo of Cotton, Destroyed by Mine in North Sea—Fate of Crew in Doubt.

Berlin, Feb. 25 (via wireless).—The second American steamer sunk since the German proclamation establishing a war zone in the North sea went into effect struck a mine on Tuesday in the North sea off the German coast, and sank. She was the steamer Carib, of the Clyde line, carrying a cargo of cotton to Bremen from Charleston, S. C., which port she left January 27. There is no news of the fate of the Carib's crew. The steamer was not following the route laid down by the German naval authorities for neutral shipping when she was destroyed.

TURK FORTS ARE BATTERED

British and French Fleets Engage in Two-Day Fight on Dardanelles' Defenses.

London, Feb. 23.—The Turkish forts on both sides of the Dardanelles have been subjected to a constant bombardment lasting two days, in which the British and French Mediterranean fleets were assisted by a large squadron of seaplanes and aeroplanes.

The British official report issued on Saturday said that the forts on the European side of the straits were silenced and that only one of the forts on the Asiatic side were still firing, while none of the warships had been damaged. Many of the defenders were killed.

One Killed in Train Wreck.

Pewee, Feb. 25.—Denver & Rio Grande passenger train No. 15 was wrecked 12 miles south of Colorado Springs. The fireman is reported to have been killed and several passengers injured.

Germans Call Men Aged Forty-Eight.

Genoa, Feb. 25.—Germany up to the age of forty-eight eligible for service with the landsturm troops have been recalled here from Switzerland to join the colors not later than March 3.

Post Office and Bank Robbed.

Hammond, Ind., Feb. 24.—The post office safe at LaSalle was robbed of \$600 worth of stamps. The vault in the Citizens' State bank at Farmersburg, Ind., was blown open and \$5,000 stolen.

Jewelry Store Robbed of \$20,000.

Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 24.—The jewelry store of Weinsteins & Small was robbed during the night of jewelry and diamonds to the value of \$20,000 according to a statement by the proprietor.

Negroes Flee by Hundreds.

New Madrid, Mo., Feb. 23.—As the result of the warnings of "night riders" that they must leave the district before Tuesday morning nearly three hundred negroes of New Madrid county Friday night.

Friend of Cleveland Dies.

St. Paul, Minn., Feb. 23.—Michael Doran, eighty-seven years old, an intimate friend of the late Grover Cleveland and long known as a Democratic politician, died here suddenly on Saturday afternoon.

21 MORE SUBMARINES

Senate Naval Committee Decides to Enlarge Sea Defense of the Nation.

FAVORS ARMY OF 125,000

Senator Chamberlain Approves Larger Land Force—Senate Seeks 75 Underwater Craft—Thomas Stand Is Called Treason by Brandege.

Washington, Feb. 24.—The Senate naval committee decided to enlarge the submarine arm of the sea defense of the nation. In calling up the army appropriation bill on Monday Senator Chamberlain declared in favor of a moderate army of from \$5,000,000 to \$25,000 men and said any further reorganization of the army must go over to the next congress.

The naval committee increased the number of submarines of the seagoing type from the one provided in the house to five, each to have a surface speed of not less than twenty knots and to cost, exclusive of armor and armament, \$1,400,000.

If this results in destruction of an American vessel by a German submarine, the United States government must look to Germany—not to England—for redress.

This announcement was made on Friday by Sir Edward Gray, foreign secretary.

In a memorandum relating to the controversy between Great Britain and the United States over foodstuffs it is made clear that Great Britain intends to declare all foodstuffs for Germany contraband.

The foreign office transmitted to Ambassador Page its reply to the American protest against a general use by British merchant vessels of the American flag.

The note admits that the Cunarder Liner on her most recent voyage from New York to Liverpool raised the American flag, but only "to save the lives of noncombatants, crew and passengers."

It denies that it is the intention of the British government to advise British merchant vessels to use foreign flags, but makes it clear that the use of foreign flags will be permitted.

The note defending the practice cites the fact that the United States used the British flag for a like purpose during the Civil War.

Two ships were blown up in the Germans' war zone, one of them a neutral vessel.

The Norwegian tank steamer Belgrave arrived in Walmer with the fore part of her hull full of water. She either struck a mine or was torpedoed in the west part of the English channel.

Eighteen men with the pilot took to the boats. Nothing has been heard from them.

The French steamer Diorah was torpedoed without warning by a German submarine believed to be the U-16, a few miles from the French port of Dieppe. The torpedo failed to sink the Diorah, but stove in a plate below her water line. The steamer was towed into Dieppe. A fleet of French destroyers was dispatched from Cherbourg in search of the submarine.

After the torpedoing of the Diorah it was announced by the admiralty that sea traffic between England and the continent would be discontinued immediately. Sailing of passenger boats were canceled, although mail service continued.

BELGRADE HOUSES FIRED ON

Serbian Reply to Bombarding Semlin, Doing Heavy Damage to Austrians.

Chicago's Mayor Loses Nomination for Re-Election—W. H. Thompson, Republican, Wins.

Chicago, Feb. 25.—Robert M. Sweitzer, for the Democratic mayoralty nomination for re-election, was defeated by W. H. Thompson, who was elected.

Chicago's five-time mayor met the marching defeat over recorded in a mayoralty fight since the enactment of the direct primary law.

The vote was the largest ever cast in a Democratic primary in Chicago. The total was approximately \$300,000.

William H. Thompson won the Republican nomination for mayor by a plurality placed at approximately 1,000 over Judge Harry Olson, fusion candidate.

EIGHT-HOUR LAW IS VALID

California Statute for Women Workers Upheld by Federal Supreme Court.

Washington, Feb. 25.—The eight-hour law for women providing that no woman shall be employed more than eight hours a day or more than 48 hours a week in any mercantile establishment, factory, hotel, hospital or apartment house, was held constitutional by the United States supreme court on Tuesday.

BERNHARDT'S LEG CUT OFF

Great Actress Undergoes Successful Operation at Bordeaux, France.

Bordeaux, Feb. 24.—Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has been successfully operated upon. Her right leg was amputated at the knee as the result of an injury suffered several years ago while playing "Joan of Arc." It was stated that the operation had been a complete success.

WILSON NAMES TRADE BODY

President Sends to Senate His Nominations for the New Interstate Commission.

Washington, Feb. 24.—President Wilson on Monday nominated the members of the interstate trade commission. He sent to the senate the names of Joseph E. Davies, at present commissioner of corporations; Edward Nash Hurley of Chicago; William J. Harliss of Georgia, at present director of the census; William H. Parry of Seattle, Wash., and George Rublee of Cornish, N. H.

TWO KILLED IN IOWA WRECK

Passenger Train on Chicago-Western Road Meets with Accident at Talmage.

Des Moines, Ia., Feb. 24.—The engineer was killed, a mail clerk fatally injured, the fireman lost his life and eight passengers were injured on Monday when Chicago Great Western passenger train No. 1, bound from Des Moines to Kansas City, was wrecked at Talmage, Ia. The engineer was James Maxwell of Des Moines.

Rob Bank of \$5,000.

Miami, Fla., Feb. 25.—John Ashby, at the head of the famous Palm Beach county bandits, robbed the Stuart State bank in broad daylight and escaped into the Everglades. The robbers secured \$5,000.

Dardanelles Shelled Again.

Paris, Feb. 25.—The allied fleet renewed the bombardment of the Dardanelles fort and fired 2,000 projectiles into the fort, according to an Athens dispatch. The Turk forts replied feebly.

WOMEN VICTORS IN INDIANA.

Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 23.—The senate on Saturday passed the Maston limited suffrage bill giving women the right to vote for all offices except where there is a constitutional provision to the contrary.

The bill provides a referendum vote of the people in 1916 to ratify or reject the legislative enactment.

The Million Dollar Mystery

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated from Scenes in the Photo Drama of the Same Name by the Thanhouser Film Company

(Copyright, 1914, by Harold Mac Grath)

SYNOPSIS

Stanley Hargreave, millionaire, after a midnight raid on the den of the gang of brilliant thieves known as the Black Hundred, lives the life of a recluse for eighteen years. Hargreave's secret is his desire to protect and there comes face to face with the gang's leader Braine. After the meeting during which nothing is said, Hargreave hurries to his magnificently furnished home and lays plans for making his escape. He writes to the girls school in New Jersey where eighteen years before he had mysteriously left on the day of the "Black Hundred." He pays a visit to the hangar of a daredevil aviator Braine and members of his band surround him. They force him to enter the house the watchers outside see a balloon leave the roof. The safe is found to be empty. Hargreave was known to have drawn that day was gone. Then some one announced that the missing note had been dropped into the sea. Florence arrives from the girl's school. Princess Olga, Braine's companion visits her plane call but their plot is foiled by Norton, a newspaperman. By driving the captain of the Orient's crew, Norton proves that the Orient's captain and she easily fall into the trap. The plot is proved abortive through Braine's good luck and only hirings fall into the hands of the police.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"If you want my opinion," said Norton, "I believe the gunmen were out to shoot up another gang, and the police got wind of it."

"Don't you think it about time the police called a halt in this gunman matter?"

"Oh, so long as they pot each other the police look the other way. It saves a long trial and passage up the river. Besides, whenever they are nabbed some big politician manages to open the door for them. Great is the American voter!"

"Take Mr. Norton's order, Luigi," said Braine. "A German pancake, buttered toast and coffee," ordered the reporter.

"Man, eat something!"

"It's enough for me!"

"And you'll go all the rest of the day on tobacco? I know something of you chaps. I don't see how you man age to do it."

"Food is the least of our troubles. By the way, may I ask you a few questions? Nothing for print unless you've got a new book coming?"

"Fire away!"

"What do you know about the Princess Perigot?"

"Let me see. I'm met her first about a year ago at a reception given to Nasimova. A very attractive woman I see quite a lot of her. Why?"

"Well, she claims to be a sort of aunt to Hargreave's daughter."

"She said something to me about that the other night. You never know where you're at in this world, do you?"

The German pancake, buttered toast and coffee disappeared, and the reporter passed his cigar.

"The president visits town today and I'm off to watch the show. I suppose I'll have to interview him about the tariff and all that rot. When you start on a new book let me know and I'll be your press agent!"

"That's a bargain!"

"Thanks for the breakfast."

Braine picked up his newspaper, smoked and read. He smoked, yes, but he only pretended to read. The young fool was clever, but no man is infallible. He had not the least suspicion, he saw only the newspaper story. Still, in some manner he might stumble upon the truth, and it would be just as well to tie the reporter's hands effectively.

The rancor of early morning had been subdued, anger and quick temper never paid in the long run, and no one appreciated this fact better than Braine. To put Norton out of the way temporarily was only a wise precaution; it was not a matter of spite or reprisal.

He paid the reckoning, left the restaurant, and dropped into one of his clubs for a game of billiards. He drew quite a gallery about the table. He won easily, racked his cue and smothered the apartments of the princess.

What a piece of luck it was that Olga had really married that old dog, Perigot! He had left her a titled widow six months after her marriage. But she had hardly a kopek to call her own.

"Olga, Hargreave is alive. He was there last night. But somehow he anticipated the raid and had the police in waiting. The question is, has he foisted us? Did he take that million or did he hide it? There is one thing left—to get that girl. No matter where Hargreave is hidden, the knowledge that she is in my hands will bring him out into the open."

"No more blind alleys."

"Wait on your mind."

"She has never seen her father. She confessed to me that she has not even seen a photograph of him."

There was a long pause.

"Do you understand my?" she asked. "By the Lord Harry, I do! You're a head on you worth two of mine. The very simplicity of the idea will win out for us. Some one to pose as her father, a message handed to her."

Watson the child spinning a romance

lived on the sixth floor of a house in the Rue Gregoire-de-Tours. It was almost noon when Barriere appeared at his lodgings, but Murger was still in bed.

"Pardon me, sir, for disturbing you," said Barriere. "I'm sorry to see that you are in bed. Are you indisposed?"

"No, not at all," said Murger. "I'm very well, indeed, and very glad to make your acquaintance."

"May I ask why you lie in bed on such a fine a day?"

"To tell you," said Murger, laughing.

and went to fishing. In half an hour we had our pockets full of trout.

"Then we rolled a couple of stones together, started a fire and put on the frying pan. While my friend was busy with that I said to him I guessed he'd catch a fish or two more while he was cooking."

"In half a minute I had a half-pound trout. I swung this fish out and over him, where he stood by the fire, for him to look at."

"Hold him so for a minute," my friend says to me, and I did, just over

his head.

You know there's a way of cleaning a fish by which you remove its head and viscera practically at a touch and my friend knew how. He reached up with his knife to the fish, dangling over his head and kicked it to the right spot at the back of its head and then in front at the gills and then he just drew the head and intact, fitting away all at once, leaving the fish perfectly cleaned, and then, while it was still dripping with the water from which I had caught it, he dropped this

trout in the frying pan.

"You couldn't have fish much fresher caught than that, do you think?"

Hadie's Seen Them.

A correspondent from Chezbarry England says: "I came upon a small boy not long ago who was moodily fishing with an improvised rod and hook in the mud waters of the canal. I cannot but believe that he will make a great fisherman some day, for he seemed to have the dogged perseverance necessary for the craft

permanently strong in this moment. The chair went true. A crash followed."

"She has thrown herself out of the window," yelled a voice.

Some one groped for the lamp lit it, and turned in time to see Florence pass out of the room into that from which they had come. The door slammed. The surprised men heard that key click.

She was free. But she was no longer a child.

CHAPTER V.

The Problem of the Sealed Box

"Gone!"

Jones kept saying to himself that he must strive to be calm, to think, think. Despite all his warnings, the warning of Norton, she had tricked them and run away. It was maddening. He wanted to rave, tear his hair, break things. He tramped the hall. It would be wasting time to send for the police. They would only putter about fruitlessly. The Black Hundred knew how to arrange these abductions.

How had they succeeded in doing it? All day long Jones went about like an old hound with his nose to the wind. There was something in the air, but he could not tell what it was.

"No, madam. She has just stepped out for a moment. Shall I tell her to call you when she returns?"

"Yes, please. I want her and Susan and Mr. Norton to come to tea tomorrow. Good-by."

Jones hung up the receiver, sank into a chair near by and buried his face in his hands.

"What is it?" cried Susan, terrified by the hardness of his face.

"She's gone! My God, those wretches have got her! They've got her!

Florence was whirled away at top speed. Her father! She was actually on the way to her father, whom she had always loved in dreams, yet never seen.

She rather expected that the reporter would appear some time during the afternoon, and sure enough he did. He could no more resist the desire to see and talk to her than he could resist breathing. There was no use denying it; the world had suddenly turned at a new angle, presenting a new face, a roses vista. It rather subdued his easy banter.

"What news?" she asked.

"None," rather despondingly. "I'm sorry I had hoped by this time to get somewhere. But it happened that I can't get any further than this house."

She did not ask him what he meant by that.

"Please."

He drew a chair beside the piano and watched her fingers, white as the ivory keys, flutter up and down the board. She played Chopin for him, Mendelssohn, Grieg and Champlain, and she played them in a surprisingly skillful fashion. He had expected the usual schoolgirl choice and execration. "Titania," the "Moonlight Sonata" (which not half a dozen great pianists have ever played correctly), "Monastery Bells," and the like. He had prepared to make a martyr of himself. Instead, he was distinctly and delightfully entertained.

"You don't," he said whimsically, when she finally stopped, "you don't, and chance, know. The Maiden's Prayer."

She laughed. This piece was a standing joke at school.

"I have never played it. It may, however, be in the music cabinet. Would you like to hear it?" mischievously.

"Heaven forfend!" he murmured.

"You must return home and bring me the money," went on the wretched who dared to perpetrate such a mockery. "It is all that stands between me and a peculiar shiver."

"My child!" murmured the broken man. "They caught me when I was about to come to you. I have given up the fight. A sob choked him.

What was it? wondered the child, her heart burning with the misery of the thought that she was sad instead of glad. Over his shoulder she sent a glance about the room. There was a sofa, a table, some chairs and an enormous clock, the face of which was dented and the hands hopelessly tangled. Instantly he was distinct and delightfully entertained.

"You don't," he said whimsically, when she finally stopped, "you don't, and chance, know. The Maiden's Prayer."

He waited patiently. Presently a wavering light could be distinguished through the sill of the window. The girl was awake and had lit the candle. This knowledge was sufficient for her need. The tragic letter would do the rest, that is, if the girl came from the same pattern as her father and mother—strong willed and adventurous.

He tiptoed back to the Ilacs, when a noise sent him close to the ground. Half a dozen feet away he saw a shadow creeping along toward the front door. Presently the shadow stood up as if listening. He stopped again and ran lightly to its steps, up to the door, which he hugged.

Who was this? wondered Braine. Patiently he waited, arranging his posture so that he could keep a lookout at the door. By and by the door opened cautiously. A man holding a candle appeared. Braine vaguely recognized Olga's description of the butler. That man on the veranda suddenly blew out the light.

Braine could hear the low murmur of voices but nothing more. The conversation lasted scarcely a minute. The door closed and the man ran down the steps, across the lawn, with Braine close at his heels.

"Just a moment, Mr. Hargreave," he called ironically, "just a moment."

The man he addressed as Hargreave turned with lightning rapidity and struck. The blow caught Braine above the ear, knocking him flat. When he regained his feet the rumble of a motor told him the rest of the story.

* * * * *

By the dim light of her bedroom candle Florence read the note which had found entrance so strangely and mysteriously into her room. Her father! He lived, he needed her! Alive but in dread peril, and only she could save him! She longed to fly to him at once, then and there. How could she wait till tomorrow night at eight?

Immediately she began to plan how to circumvent that watchful Jones and the careful Susan. Her father! She slept no more that night.

"My Darling Daughter, I must see you come at eight o'clock tomorrow night to 78 Grove street, third floor. Confide in no one, or you seal my death warrant."

Your unhappy FATHER."

"Is anything the matter?" asked the mild voice of Jones.

"I am not your father."

"So I see," she replied, still with the amazing calm.

Braine, in the other room, shook his head savagely. Father and daughter, the same steel in the nerves. Could they bend her? Would they break her? He did not wish to injure her bodily, but a million was always a million, and there was revenge which was worth more to him than the money itself. He listened, motioning to the others to be silent.

"Write the directions yourself, father, you know them better than I." Since she saw no escape, she was determined to keep up the tragic farce no longer.

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She wanted to shriek, but her throat was as dry as paper. Grief steel sent a thrill of fear over her. He hadn't told her how to shoot!

Two blocks down the street, up an alley, was the garage wherein Hargreave had been wont to keep his car.

When he was gone she tried the doors. They were locked. Then she crossed over to the window and looked out. A leap from there would kill her. She turned her gaze toward the lamp, wondering.

The false father returned, dolefully.

"Do you realize what that mere chit did?"

"I do."

"Planned to the minute. We had her, seven of us, doors locked, and all that. No weeping or walling, I could not understand that, but I do now. It's in the blood. Hargreave was peaceful as a St. Bernard dog, till he cornered him, and then he ran from the house."

"Very well, father, I will go and get it. Gently she released herself from those horrible arms."

"Wait, my child, till I see if they will let you go. They wish to hold you as hostage."

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SYNOPSIS.

Stanley Hargrave, millionaire, after a miraculous escape from the den of the gang of brilliant thieves known as the Black Hundred, lives the life of a hermit. One night enters a Broadway restaurant and there comes face to face with the gang's leader, Bruno. Bruno apparently recognizes the other, Hargrave hurries to his apartment, Hargrave's home from the country. He writes a letter to the girls' school in New Jersey where eighteen years ago he was born. In it he says that he has adopted his baby daughter, Florence Grey. He also pays a visit to the house of a friend, Mr. Parlow, whose name is hidden in his card surrounded by a picture of himself. When he enters the house, the watchmen outside are in a parlour, trying to bring the captain of the "Orion" Norton, a trap for Bruno and his gang. Principe, who easily shot down the reporter, has easily fallen into the reporter's snare. The plan proves abortive through Bruno's good fortune. His firebrands fall into the hands of the police.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"If you want my opinion," said Norton, "I believe the gunmen were sent to shoot up another gang, and the police got wind of it."

"Don't you think it about time the police called a halt in this gunman's matter?"

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"A German pancake, buttered toast and coffee," ordered the reporter.

"Man, eat something!"

"And you'll go all the rest of the day on tobacco. I know something of you chaps. I don't see how you manage to do it."

"Food is the least of our troubles. By the way, may I ask you a few questions? Nothing for print, unless you've got a new book coming."

"Fire away."

"What do you know about the Princess Perigoff?"

"Lot me see. I'm. Met her first about a year ago at a reception given to Nasimova. A very attractive woman. I see quite a lot of her. Why?"

"Well, she claims to be a sort of aunt to Hargrave's daughter."

"She said something to me about that the other night. You never know where you're at in this world, do you?"

The German pancake, the toast, the coffee disappeared, and the reporter passed his cigar.

"The president visits town today and I'm off to watch the show. I suppose I'll have to interview him about the tariff and all that rot. When you start on a new book let me know and I'll be your press agent."

"That's a bargain."

"Thanks for the breakfast."

Bruno picked up his newspaper, smoked and read. He smoked, yes, but he only pretended to read. The young fool was clever, but no man is infallible. He had not the least suspicion; he saw only the newspaper story. Still, in some manner he might stumble upon the truth, and it would be just as well to tie the reporter's hands effectually.

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What a piece of luck it was that Olga had really married that old dog, Perigoff! He had left her a titled widow six months after her marriage. But she had had hardly a knock to call her own.

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"No more blind alleys."

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"By the Lord Harry, I do! You've a head on you worth two of mine. The very simplicity of the idea will win out for us. Some one to pose as her father; a message handed to her

TALE OF LITERARY BOHEMIA

French Dramatist and Poet Breakfasted Together Under Somewhat Awkward Circumstances.

In his published reminiscences of Edouard Murer, Mons. Felix Duquesnel tells an amusing story of a breakfast with the poet of the "Vie de Boheme."

Theodore Barriere, the dramatist, wished to adapt Murer's work to the stage. He had never met the poet, but he decided to visit him at his home and introduce himself. Murer

lived on the sixth floor of a house in the Rue Gregoire-de-Tours. It was almost noon when Barriere appeared at his lodgings, but Murer was still in bed.

"Pardon me, sir, for disturbing you," said Barriere. "I'm sorry to see that you are in bed. Are you indisposed?"

"No, not at all," said Murer. "I'm very well, indeed, and very glad to make your acquaintance."

"May I ask why you lie in bed on so fine a day as this?"

"Till you tell me," said Murer, laughing.

Barriere did so, and the man ap-

peared. Murer then got up and threw a havelock over his shoulders, and in half an hour the two writers were eating their breakfast of pork cutlets and cucumbers.—Youth's Companion

irony of Fate.

Another cross which we strive to bear as patiently as we can is that we are expected to kiss the wife's relatives with whom we'd rather shake hands and shake hands with those we'd rather kiss.—Ohio State Journal.

Mother—Does that young lady you intend to marry know anything about housekeeping?

Son—Not a thing. I'll be the happiest man alive. I don't believe she'll clean house once in ten years.—New York Weekly.

FRESH BEYOND ALL DOUBT

Angler Tells of Fish That Was Cooked in What Might Be Called Record Time.

"Positively the freshest caught fish I ever ate," said an ardent fisherman, "was one I caught in the wilds of Canada. A friend of mine and I were out with a canoe and a light outfit for two weeks' trout fishing. Along late one afternoon we struck a likely-looking stream, made camp for the night,

over the first young man she had ever met? In her heart of hearts, the girl did not know.

Her father!

It was all so terribly and tragically simple, to match a woman's mind against that of a child. Both Norton and the sober Jones had explicitly warned her never to go anywhere, receive telephone calls or letters, without first consulting one or the other of them. And now she had planned to deceive them, with all the cunning of her sex.

The next morning at breakfast there was nothing unusual either in her appearance or manners. Under the shrewd scrutiny of Jones she was just her everyday self, a fine bit of acting for one who had yet to see the stage. But it is born in woman to act, as it is born in man to fight, and Florence was no exception to the rule.

She was going to save her father. She read with Susan, played the piano, sewed a little, laughed, hummed and did a thousand and one things young girls do when they have the deception of their elders in view.

All day long Jones went about like a old hound with his nose to the wind. There was something in the air, but he could not tell what it was. Somehow or other, no matter which room Florence went into, there was Jones within earshot. And she dared not show the least impatience or restlessness. It was a large order for so young a girl, but she filled it.

She rather expected that the reporter would appear some time during the afternoon; but when she arrived at the door with the receiver, sank into a chair near by and buried his face in his hands.

"What is it?" cried Susan, terrified by the haggardness of his face.

"She's gone! My God, those wretches have got her! They've got her!"

Florence was whirled away at top speed. Her father! She was actually on the way to her father, whom she had always loved in dreams, yet never seen.

Number 73 Grove street was not an attractive place, but when she arrived she was too highly keyed to take note of its sordidness. She was rather out of breath when she reached the door of the third flat. She knocked timidly. The door was instantly opened by a man who wore a black mask. She would have turned then and there and flown back for the swift picture she had of a well-dressed man at a table. He lay with his head upon his arms.

"Father!" she whispered.

The man raised his careworn face, so very well done that only the closest scrutiny would have betrayed the past of the theater. He arose and staggered toward her with outstretched arms. But the moment they closed about her Florence experienced peculiar shiver.

"My child!" murmured the broken man. "They caught me when I was given up the fight." A sob choked him.

What was it? wondered the child, her heart burning with the misery of the thought that she was sad instead of glad. Over his shoulder she sent a glance about the room. There was a sofa, a table, some chairs and an enormous clock, the face of which was dented and the hands hopelessly tangled. Why, at such a moment, she should note such details disturbed her. Then she chance to look into the cracked mirror. In it she saw several faces, all masked. These men were peering at her through the half-closed door behind her.

He clutched at his hat, put it on and ran to Susan.

"Here!" he cried, holding out an automatic. "If anyone comes in that you don't know, shoot! Don't ask questions, shoot!"

"I'm afraid!" She breathed with difficulty.

"Afraid?" he roared at her. He put the weapon in her hand. It slipped

"She Has Thrown Herself Out of the Window!"

Then she knew! The insistent daily warnings came home to her. She understood now. She had deliberately walked into the spider's net. But instead of terror an extraordinary calm fell upon her.

"Very well, father, I will go and get it." Gently she released herself from those horrible arms.

"Wait, my child, till I see if they will hold you as hostage."

When he was gone she tried the doors. They were locked. Then she crossed over to the window and looked out. A leap from there would kill her. She turned her gaze toward the lamp, wondering.

The fast father returned, defeated.

"It is as I said. They insist upon sending some one. Write down the directions I gave to you. I am very weak!"

"Write down the directions yourself, father; you know them better than I." Since she saw no escape, she was determined to keep up the tragic farce no longer.

"I am not your father."

"So I see," she replied, still with the amazing calm.

Braine, in the other room, shook his head savagely. Father and daughter; the same steel in the nerves. Could they bend her? Would they break her? He did not wish to injure her bodily, but a million was always a million, and there was revenge which was worth more to him than the money itself. He listened, motioning to the others to be silent.

"Write the directions yourself, father; you know them better than I." Since she saw no escape, she was determined to keep up the tragic farce no longer.

"Susan eyed the revolver with growing terror. For what had she left the peace and quiet of Miss Farlow's; assassination, robbery, thieves and kidnappers? She wanted to shriek, but her throat was as dry as paper. Gingersly she touched the pistol. The cold steel sent a thrill of fear over her. He hadn't told her how to shoot it!

Two blocks down the street, up an alley, was the garage wherein Hargrave had been wont to keep his car. Toward this Jones ran with the speed of a track athlete. There might be half a dozen taxicabs about, but he would not run the risk of engaging any one of them. The Black Hundred was capable of anticipating his every movement.

The shadow across the street stood undecided. At length he concluded to give Jones ten minutes in which to return. If he did not return within that time, the watchers would go up to the drug store and telephone for instructions.

But Jones did not come back. "Where's Howard?" he demanded. "Hello, Jones; what's up?"

"Howard, get that car out at once."

"Out she comes. Wait till I give her a radiator a bucket of water." Geel! whispered Howard, whom Hargrave often used as his chauffeur. "Get on to his nips! First time I ever saw him awake. I wonder what's doing? You never know what's back of those mummy-faced headwaiters. . . . All right, Jones!"

Barriere did so, and the man appeared. Murer then got up and threw a havelock over his shoulders, and in half an hour the two writers were eating their breakfast of pork cutlets and cucumbers.—Youth's Companion

lost. At least thirty companies of Norway are seeking whales on the African coast, and the danger from English hunters is as great. The Paris academy has passed resolutions urging French and international protection.

Another cross which we strive to bear as patiently as we can is that we are expected to kiss the wife's relatives with whom we'd rather shake hands and shake hands with those we'd rather kiss.—Ohio State Journal.

Moisture Absorbed by Granite

A coat made of granite, while perhaps not the most comfortable article of wearing apparel—although granite in thin sheets is flexible—might be thought to be storm proof; yet granite will absorb a considerable amount of moisture. If a cubic yard of granite that had been completely dried out were immersed in pure water, it would, according to the United States Geological Survey, after a short time, take up four gallons of water.

Pipefish Has "Pocket"

The pipefish, as it is called, from the length of its jaws, has a pocket on the under side of its body nearly half its length. It is found in the male species only, and is the only part of its body which is unprotected by large flat plates, which take the place of scales in its protective armor. In this pocket the young fish are carried very similar to the way the kangaroo carries its young.

He Had It.

In honor of a visit to his plant by the governor of the state an automobile manufacturer once had a complete car assembled in something like seven minutes. Some weeks later, after this feat was heralded in the daily papers, the phone rang vigorously.

"Is it true that you assembled

a car in seven minutes at your factory?" the voice asked. "Yes," came the reply. "Why?" "Oh, nothing," said the calm inquirer, "only I've got to go to the hospital."

Domestic Parades.

Mother—Does that young lady you intend to marry know anything about housekeeping?

Son—Not a thing. I'll be the happiest man alive. I don't believe she'll clean house once in ten years.—New York Weekly.

Harm in Improper Posture.

If the lungs are cramped by improper posture they fail to get the proper amount of oxygen and do not throw off the waste and poisonous matters they should.

set his to the house. When he returned, having, of course, discovered no fire, he found Florence gone. He rushed into the hall. Her hat was missing. He made for the ball door with a speed which seemed incredible to the bewildered Susan's eyes. Out into the street, up and down which he looked. Far away he discovered a dawdling taxi cab. The surprised man heard the key click.

She was free. But she was no longer a child.

CHAPTER V.

The Problem of the Sealed Box
"Gone!"

Jones kept saying to himself that he must strive to be calm, to think, think. Despite all his warnings, the warnings of Norton, she had tricked them and run away. It was maddening. He wanted to rave, tear his hair, break bones. He tramped the hall. It would only bungle.

"All right, Mr. Jones," said the chauffeur. "I had, in the past quarter of an hour, acquired a deep and lasting respect for the butler chap. He was a regular fellow, for all his brass buttons.

As Jones reached the curb, Florence came forth as if on invisible wings.

"Jones, I need you to help me. Come with me to the station. I have to speak to the police."

"I'm afraid I can't do that," said Jones.

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GRAND RAPIDS TRIBUNE

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J. C. Keffler 11 Gr. H. 5 11-17-14 52

J. C. Keffler 26 Gr. H. 4 10-3-14 40

J. C. Keffler 27 Gr. H. 4 12-23-14 40

Bert W. Gates Flossie Gr. H. 4 12-15-14 45

Prouser Bros 17 Gr. H. 8 12-26-14 41

Simon Jousten 1 Gr. H. 5 9-15-14 41

Simon Jousten 7 Gr. H. 7 9-20-14 40

Simon Jousten 9 Gr. H. 6 10-15-14 42

C. V. Lith Godie Gr. H. 8 12-21-14 48

C. V. Lith White Head Nan Gr. G. 6 12-20-14 45

A. P. Bean Dolly Gr. G. 8 10-15-14 40

A. P. Bean Bob Gr. G. 8 12-15-14 40

White Gr. G. 7 1-1-15 40

C. S. Brouwers Minnie Gr. H. 3 10-23-14 41

C. E. Edwards Lillie Gr. G. 7 12-1-14 43

C. E. Edwards Maude Gr. G. 7 12-24-14 45

Chas. Tomofordre Fannie Gr. G. 5 10-16-14 43

Chas. Tomofordre Nellie Gr. G. 6 1-16-15 43

Chas. Tomofordre Jack Gr. G. 5 12-10-14 43

Chas. Tomofordre Mollie Gr. G. 6 11-18-14 43

Chas. Tomofordre Bossie Gr. C. 5 12-20-14 54

Mrs. G. H. Tempas Susie Native 5 1-10-15 45

John Joling Morna P. H. 10 11-19-14 64

Henry Blonden Bell Gr. G. 7 1-19-15 47

P. A. Eberhardt Nigger Gr. H. 12 1-11-15 47

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the high price of feed.

More than fifty per cent of all cows in the association were native and

there is only one cow that was a native produced up to fifty pounds of fat.

This is a good showing for the grades and pure breeds.

W. W. Clark, Sec. Wm. Bassler, Tester.

False Values in Children's Training.

We are apt in schools, as elsewhere

in life, to put wrong emphasis on values.

There is the perfect attendance ideal, for example. Too much

worship of this shrine drives Johnnie or

Mary to school with a beginning scar-

let lever or other dangerous disease,

to endanger the lives of other children

as well as their own.

Then there is the struggle for

marks, too frequently won at the

expense of red checks, robust

bodies, and that invaluable asset, a

perfect balance of the nervous sys-

tem. While it is well for every child

to be held to his best in scholarship,

it should not be lost of the fact

that "his best" stops short of the

realization of his physical equipment.

To too many parents education is

looked upon as an end rather than

as one of the means to the end. This

is particularly so in the instance of

parents who have themselves left

the stings of want in scholarship, and

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Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, March 3, 1915.

THE MAN OF BURDENS.

In these troubled times, when every day shows more clearly the dangers that confront even the most sincere neutrality, the hearts of all Americans should go out in sympathy and support to that solitary man sitting in the White House of Washington who carries the welfare of one hundred million people so farily in his hand.

It is a staggering responsibility. It is the greatest that could be laid on the chief executive of any nation in time of peace. No American since Lincoln has borne such a burden—has been confronted with issues which are so big with fate for the land we have.

The farmer of today is prosperous, and able to give his boy a liberal education and to provide the luxuries that the city boy enjoys. The boy will remain on the farm if his surroundings are made pleasant; if he is given to understand that he is to be a partner with his father. Too many fathers do not take their sons into their confidence, but live with the idea that "John or Will will have everything when I am gone." This is the wrong idea. Let your son feel that you are willing to let him share in the responsibilities. The boy leaves the farm in many instances because he wants to succeed for himself. He wants to feel that he is making for the future. Why not make him feel "at home" by giving him a start there. The farmer who has several boys can keep them at home if he will let them understand that they too have an interest in the farm. Let it be a co-operative plan, each working for the other. The father has laid the foundation. Who can build the structure better than the children. Some fathers think their boy or girl belongs to them until they reach their majority. Start out with that spirit, you are driving wholly cease to have a meaning for Americans when their president is directly to the goal—stepping aside neither in the spirit of truce nor our subservience.

It should be made to feel that there is from one end of the country to another an abiding feeling of faith in his integrity and singleness of purpose, and in his absolute determination to walk with circumspection but directly to the goal—stepping aside neither in the spirit of truce nor our subservience.

It should be made to feel that partnership and personal feeling wholly cease to have a meaning for Americans when their president is confronted with what may quickly develop into an international crisis of grave significance; that the whole moral force and the whole heart and the whole mind of the nation are to lean upon or to call upon for support.

And above all he should be made to feel that Americans understand how free from the taint of personal ambition and pride are his high-minded efforts to serve his country. In these moments of his need for wise guidance; that it is of his country and not of himself that he thinks first and last of all; that his one aim is to serve her and her alone—Chicago Herald.

GIVE THE FARM A NAME.
A few years ago we decided to call our farm —, that being especially appropriate and descriptive of the place. And we were just about to start a system whereby we would add the name of the farm to that of each lamb-in-calf born into the herd when we learned that a farmer in a neighboring county had appropriated the name. Is there any way in which a farm name can be protected?"

This inquiry, which was recently received by Mr. Harris, the supervisor of Wisconsin's dairy tests, is typical of many now being made. Mr. Harris states that about a dozen states now have laws by means of which names of farms are reserved and can be used to much the same purpose as is a trade mark. Many breeders make use of their farm names in registering stock, but they can only reserve the right to distinctive names for their animals by arrangements with the secretaries of their respective cattle clubs.

It is highly advisable to give a name to the farm or herd. It can be made descriptive of the site or location, expressing a statement of the owners ideal, or carrying some family association, but in any case it indicates that the proprietor has some pride in his possessions and the immediate inference that he has something of which to be proud."

Following are the names of a few Wisconsin farms which may be helpful to farmers in search of titles:

Crown Hill, Grove Land, Green Pastures, Twin Hills, Oak Land, Fernwood, Oak Glen, Cedar Hill, Edgewood, Oakdale, Crystal Spring, Green Valley, Meadows, The Oaks, Mossy Banks, Meadowlarks, Clover Slope, Sunny Side, Bluegrass, Uplands, Lone Rock, Evergreen, Clover Crest, Riverside, Pleasant Heights, The Knolls, Dairy Downs, and Poplar Lane.

Trained Dairymen in Demand.
Although more young men took this winter's short course in dairying than ever before in the history of the Wisconsin dairy school, it is not likely that the supply of trained and employable creamery and cheese factory managers and operators will be sufficient to meet the demands when the season opens.

Between 160 and 170 students took the course which just closed. Each of these men will be required to operate a factory for several months before he will be in line to receive a diploma from the board of regents of the university, and not then, unless his factory and operations pass rigid inspection by a representative of the college of agriculture.

The experiment of the army proves conclusively that typhoid fever is absolutely preventable. For the present, at least, there is no prospect that the public would submit to compulsory vaccination as the soldiers in the army are compelled to do. "Personal freedom" includes the freedom of dying of typhoid fever if one wishes to, and to risk his neighbor's life in doing so. The neighbor, however, has an anti-typhoid vaccination which appears to be an absolute preventive of infection over a limited period at least.

When a man remains a bachelor it isn't because he hadn't the luck to get the woman he wanted, but because he had the "luck" to escape from her.

Legal Blanks at the Tribune office.

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W. W. Clark, Sec.

REMINGTON.

Mrs. F. Rutz returned from Tonawanda Saturday where she has been visiting her daughters, Mrs. Gregorius and Miss Lena Rutz.

Miss Rose Sanger visited relatives at Grand Rapids Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Ed. Roode and friend were guests of his sister Mrs. K. F. Hass Saturday until Sunday.

R. F. Hass visited relatives at Neosho on Tuesday.

Miss Zoe Robbenet is slowly recovering from painful injuries received about 10 days ago while driving her father's team thru the village of Babcock the horses became frightened and ran away throwing her out of the rig. Her many friends here hope to see her well again before long. Miss Robbenet is considered an expert horsewoman having always had full charge of her father's farm and always has driven this team of horses.

Chas. Sanger was a business visitor at Grand Rapids on Monday and Tuesday.

Miss Alice Casey who is teaching school at Sherry visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Casey last week.

Miss Stella Hass of Rudolph who has been visiting her sister Miss Mary Hass and her grandmother and other relatives for some time past departed for her home on Monday, March 1.

Miss Alice Sanger of Grand Rapids is a guest at the Hass home this week.

A farewell party was given at the Ed Daniels home on Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Kottke have taken two children from the state school at Sparta, Wis., a boy age 10 and a girl age 8.

A birthday party was held at the Hass home on Sunday, Feb. 28 in honor of R. F. Hass. It was largely attended. Various games were played and a nice lunch was served. All enjoyed a fine time.

Ed. Daniels and family moved on the J. Q. Daniels farm at Daly on Friday. We wish them success in their new undertaking and regret losing our neighbors.

Mr. Johnson and son Ramer Johnson of Enden, Ill., arrived here last week with household goods and machinery. They will live on their farm vacated by Ed. Daniels.

Miss Meata Hass of Mosinee, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. A. Hass. She was accompanied here by her friend Mr. Frank Prichard of Grand Rapids.

The farmers are well pleased in this vicinity over the good sleighing which still continues.

ALTDORF.

The social of last Saturday night given by the ladies sewing circle, at the home of Mrs. O. J. Leu was a grand success. There were about seventy present. The evening was spent in listening to a short literary and musical program and in a few games after which a light lunch was served.

The debate Friday night will be on the relative merits of the Holstein and the Guernsey cows.

The young ladies crochet club will meet at the home of Emma and Victoria Schiltz next Wednesday, Feb. 10th.

Mrs. O. J. Leu has gone to Milwaukee on a short business and pleasure trip.

Will Loepp is going to work for H. J. Bassner this summer. He will begin the 15th of this month.

Frank Teichtner is not improving as fast as his friends would like to see him improve.

KELLNER.

Anna Buss visited relatives in your city last week.

Mr. Alsdader and family of Port Edwards visited the home of Wm. Yetter last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ebert of Wyocena, Wis., were here visiting old neighbors last week.

Mrs. E. Hiesterd returned from Chicago last Thursday where she had been visiting for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Eberhardt of Port Edwards visited at the home of H. Eberhardt last Sunday.

Mr. Porter sold his farm known as the John Eberhardt place and is moving back to Chicago.

Mrs. Geo. Studebaker and Mrs. John Huffman left last week for Chicago for a few weeks visit.

Mr. Wm. Getzlaff is spending a few days in your city visiting relatives.

Frank Young of Rudolph visited his brother Herman and family last Sunday.

The basket party at the Moravian church was largely attended last Friday night and the ladies aid got over \$40 from the baskets which they appreciated very much.

We hear that Fred Rich bought the old Myers farm which is likewise owner of the institution of the false standards. Physical culture fanatics are prone to worship false gods, for their own mental training is likely to have been lack of proportion.

Just as a mind culturist is most fascinated in developing the mind of a naturally bright pupil, so is the physical culturist most interested in making a physical freak out of the boy or girl with a well born physique.

This result is often in over developed heart and a supernaturally large pair of lungs, far too large for the demands of ordinary pursuits.

When the owner of such heart and lungs enters upon sedentary office career, as he is quite likely to do, disaster is constantly invited. For he is known, Nature abhors and attempts to annihilate over-developed tissues not fully exercised. Thus it is that we read with surprise of the death from pneumonia, tuberculosis and heart disease of famous athletes in what should be their prime.

After all, the price and reward of successful education.

Some men are good guessers. The

other day two of them were talking

when one of them asked the other,

"Say, when women vote do you think

they will go to war?" to which his

friend replied, "I don't know about

that but I think I can guess where

war will go."

The British government recently

purchased twelve hundred miles in

Kansas land. It may mean the end

of the war. Remember what Sampson

did with the jawbone of one of those

animals.

The Bradley bill relating to removal

fences, which caused a lengthy de-

bate, was finally refused indefinite

postponement and ordered engrossed

The committee on judiciary reported

in the Krebs bill regarding ex-

emption for indefinite postponement.

This bill would have reduced the ex-

emption from \$60 to \$40 a month.

SUPPRESSING THE NEWS.

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"Yes," we replied, "but don't you remember how you called us a coward for keeping still?" "I know," he replied, "but I was wrong. It is different now." And we listened to him. There are things that an editor can't suppress. There are other things that he can forget with propriety. As far as we are concerned we would rather lessen the grief of the parent than throw on a morse for the vulgar, gossiping public to feed upon. We would rather wipe away the tears from the eyes of a mother than to "have nerve" enough to join a heartless crowd of flying tongues and sink the iron deeper into her tender soul. So when in this neighboring paper we failed to find what we wanted, we made no comment. But down deep in our hearts we admired that editor and liked him because he had a heart that was tender, and he would rather listen to the jibes of an unfeeling public than to the sobs of a broken-hearted mother and wife.—Houghton Gazette.

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Abstracts,—Real Estate,—Loans, MacKinnon Blk., Grand Rapids, Wis.

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That's what
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Here are three of a wonderful collection of smart dresses, illustrated in
The FASHION BOOK for Spring
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Costume 6044 Costume 6024 Costume 6111
Each of the above \$15. 15 cents.

We recommend to you to look through the
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40 inch black silk Grenadine
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Military Middy Blouses

Something new and nobby made of Bedford Cord, with belt and high collar which can be worn low also, price \$1.50

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We would like to show you our new wash goods, Organ- dries, Embroideries and Laces.

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W. C. WEISEL

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Wm. M. Kronholm of Marcell was among the callers at the Tribune office, being in this vicinity for a few days visiting with friends and relatives. Mr. Kronholm occupies the position of chauffeur to A. H. Stange, a place he has been in ever since he left here, and reports himself well pleased with his location.

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Miss Babe Poirier and Ethel Conaway returned on Saturday from Chicago where they had been for several days getting the spring styles of millinery.

Miss Minnie Geerts, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Geerts, submitted to operation for appendicitis at the General Hospital in Spokane, Wash., recently. The operation was a success.

March came in like a lamb this year and according to all the signs of the zodiac and the rules of Horley it should go out like a lion. However, if it fails to make good on the proposition nobody will enter much of a protest.

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The weather conditions could not have been better. The roads might have been, which would have increased the number in attendance. It was a day of full of joy, peace, harmony and good will.

The wedding feast was served at 1:30 p. m. with 16 seated at table of bride and groom, while an adjoining room accommodated as many more.

The friends of this beloved couple here, and everywhere, extend to them the sincerest wishes for a happy and serene continuation of their journey through life.

Elect a New Director.

At the regular meeting of the board of directors of the First National Bank, held Tuesday afternoon, Dr. F. Pomainville was elected a director to succeed Mr. Edward Lynch, resigned.

Since moving to Milwaukee Mr. Lynch has found it very inconvenient to attend the meetings of the board and therefore resigned in favor of a local man who could be continually on the job.

Dr. Pomainville is one of the best known and best posted men in Grand Rapids and his services will be distinctly valuable to the bank.

In Financial Difficulties.

The George T. Rowland store was closed on Tuesday temporarily on account of financial difficulties incident to slow collections. After an inventory has been taken the lace will be opened again, and many of the friends of the proprietors hope to see the business flourishing again in the near future.

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Circuit Court will convene in this city next Monday, and the indications are that the session will be quite a long one as there are a number of cases on the calendar, and if they are all tried out it will take several weeks.

It is probable, however, that a number of them will be continued over until the next term of court.

Bids Opened on Drainage Work.

Bids on the work for the Wood County Drainage District were opened on Monday by the commissioners,

the lowest bidder being Gilmore Bros. of Toledo, Ohio. Their bid was at the rate of \$6.94 per hundred yards. There were about a dozen bids in.

Restaurant Sold.

Felix Wallach and son John purchased the restaurant and confectionery business on Tuesday of W. J. Brigham, who has been conducting same for the past year. Mr. and Mrs. Brigham expect to leave next week for Milwaukee to reside.

BIRTHS.

A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Burchell, Feb. 25.

A son to Mr. and Mrs. Bob Bender March 1st.

A man's heart is like an automobile—always apt to "skid" and ditch him at the psychological moment when he has gotten it under perfect control.

For Tax service call up Fred Mosher, Phone 434.

Mrs. Peter Hansen and daughter Margaret are visiting in Merrill.

Clarence Forni has returned from Rochester, Minn., where he had been to consult Mayo Bros.

Dr. N. E. Uelmen of Milwaukee was a guest of his friend, Dr. C. T. Foote the past week.

Mrs. Peter McCandley is spending a week at Medford visiting with her sister, Mrs. Peter Doyle.

Mrs. John Ernsler submitted to a surgical operation at the Riverview hospital on Monday.

Jensen's garage received another car load of Ford touring cars on Tuesday from the factory at the plant.

C. E. Kruger was in Waukesha to attend a meeting of the Woodmen of the World.

Editor E. S. Bailey of the Marshall News was a business visitor in the city on Friday.

W. H. Getts is able to be out again after a two weeks illness which confined him to his bed.

Theodore De Boy, one of the solid farmers of Rudolph favored this office with a pleasant call on Wednesday.

Mrs. George Elliott of Rudolph was in the city shopping on Thursday. This office acknowledges a pleasant call.

James Jensen has received a 1935 Chevrol Baby Grand Touring car which is on display at the Jensen Garage.

Mrs. Minnie Palmater spent several days in Madison the past week attending a convention of the Lady Macabees.

Dr. D. Waters departed on Monday for Rochester, Minn., to attend the clinics at the Mayo Bros. hospital for a month.

Wm. Coenen of Rudolph was a business visitor in the city on Thursday and while here favored the Tribune with a pleasant call.

C. P. Gross returned to her home in Madison on Saturday after a month's visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Slattery.

A. M. Wilson, departed on Saturday for Chicago and the eastern markets where he will purchase goods for the Johnson & Hill Co.

Fred Vollert, who has been farming in the town of Grand Rapids the past two years has again moved to this city and taken up his residence on 13th Avenue north.

J. H. Quigley, who recently resigned his position as plumber with the Nash Hardware Co., departed on Saturday for Detroit, Mich., where he will have charge of a shop.

Russell Hansen has purchased a lot in the Lyon Park Addition the past week from his father, Ben Hansen. Russell expects to erect a home within the next year on the lot.

George Cole departed on Saturday for Superior to join his wife who has been visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. A. D. Grignon for some time. They are expected home this week.

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Rev. J. J. Robiecki, who has had charge of the Polish Catholic church in the town of Sigel the past two years has been transferred to Mosinee. Rev. Robiecki will also look after the parish at Knowlton. Rev. Cisewski of this city will visit the Sigel church heretarter twice a month.

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Celebrate Wedding Anniversary.

A notable gathering of relatives and friends assembled at the S. N. Whittlesey home at Craimmoor, Sunday, Feb. 28th, to celebrate the 53rd wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Rezin, originally known and called "Uncle and Auntie" by the whole town and their hosts of friends elsewhere. The weather conditions could not have been better. The roads might have been, which would have increased the number in attendance. It was a daytime affair, much more so than their share.

Now the American public likes to find a few who are willing to pile all the burden onto one fellow, just so it is the other fellow, but they are not all like this. If the railroads of Wisconsin are not getting enough for their work so that they can be operated with profit and at the same time make necessary extensions and improvements, there is no question but what the people are willing to see the rates raised sufficiently so that this can be done.

The large number of merchants and business men who signed the petition made it evident that they were willing to see fair play.

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Waukesha Record-Leader: Miss Alberta Wakefield, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clem Wakefield, 707 Shearer street, was married last Monday to John A. Hammer, formerly of Grand Rapids, but at present of this city. The ring ceremony was performed at 2:30 by Rev. A. Jacobs of the First Baptist church, pastor to the family. The young couple were attended by Miss Marion Fredrickson and Clarence Bradley of this city. Mrs. Leslie Wakefield served as matron of honor. Immediately after the service the wedding luncheon was served at which only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties being in attendance, partook. In the evening a reception was held for the friends of the young couple, a large number attended. Some very valuable presents consisting of silverware, linen and furniture were made the young people, who start on life's journey together with the felicitations of friends.

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It is probable, however, that a number of them will be continued over until the next term of court.

Bids Opened on Drainage Work.

Bids on the work for the Wood County Drainage District were opened on Monday by the commissioners, the lowest bidder being Gillmore Bros. of Toledo, Ohio. Their bid was at the rate of \$6.94 per hundred yards. There were about a dozen bids in.

Restaurant Sold.

Felix Walloch and son John purchased the restaurant and confectionery business on Tuesday of W. J. Brigham, who has been conducting same for the past year. Mr. and Mrs. Brigham expect to leave next week for Milwaukee to reside.

BIRTHS.

A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Burchell, Feb. 25.

A son to Mr. and Mrs. Bob Bender March 1st.

A man's heart is like an automobile—always apt to "skid" and ditch him, at the psychological moment when he is gone—a good life and kind actions will.

Legal Blanks for sale here.

For Tax service call up Fred Mosher, Phone 644.

Mrs. Peter Hansen and daughter Margaret are visiting in Merrill.

Clarence Fors has returned from Rochester, Minn., where he had been to consult Mayo Bros.

Dr. N. E. Uelman of Milwaukee has been a guest of his friend, Dr. C. T. Poole the past week.

Mrs. Peter McCamey is spending a week at Medford visiting with her sister, Mrs. Peter Doyle.

Mrs. John Ernsler submitted to a surgical operation at the Riverview hospital on Monday.

Jensen's garage received another car load of Ford touring cars on Tuesday from the factory at Detroit.

C. E. Kruger was in Wausau to attend a meeting of the Woodmen of the World.

The Man Who Came Back

By Edna Ferber

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There are two ways of doing battle against disgrace. You may live it down, or you may run away from it and hide. The first method is heart-breaking, but sure. The second cannot be relied upon because of the uncomfortable way disgrace has of turning up at your heels just when you think you have eluded her in the last town but one.

Ted Terrell did not choose the first method. He had it thrust upon him. After Ted had served his term he came back home to visit his mother's grave, intending to take the next train out. He was none of the prison pallor that you read about in books, because he had been shortstop on the penitentiary all-star baseball team, and famed for the dexterity with which he could grab red-hot grounders. The storied lock step and the clipped hair effect also were missing. The superintendent of Ted's prison had been one of the reform kind.

You never would have picked Ted for a criminal. He had none of those interesting pheonological bumps and depressions that usually are shown to such frank advantage in the Bertillon photographs. Ted had been assistant cashier in the Citizens' National bank. In a mad moment he had attempted a little slight-of-hand act in which certain Citizens' National funds were to be transformed into certain glittering shares and back again so quickly that the examiners couldn't follow it with their eyes. But Ted was unaccustomed to these now-you-see-it-and-how-you-don't feats and his hand slipped. The trick dropped to the door with an awful clatter.

Ted had been a lovable young kid, six feet high, and blond, with a great reputation as a dresser. He had the first yellow plush hat in our town. It sat on his golden head like a halo. The women all liked Ted. Mrs. Dankworth, the dashing widow (why will widows persist in being dashing?)



Ted Saw Her Coming and Sat Very Still, Waiting

said that he was the only man in our town who knew how to wear a dress suit. The men were forever slapping him on the back and asking him to have a little something. Ted's good looks and his clever tongue and a certain charming Irish way he had with him caused him to be taken up by the smart set. Now, if you've never lived in a small town you will be much amused at the idea of its boasting a smart set. Which proves your ignorance. The small town smart set is deadly serious about its smartness. It likes to take six-hour runs down to the city to fit a pair of shoes and hear Caruso. Its clothes are as well made, and its scandals as crisp, and its pace as hasty, and its golf club as dull as the clothes and scandals and pace and golf club of its city cousins.

The hasty pace killed Ted. He tried to keep step in a set of young folks whose fathers had made our town. And all the time his pocketbook was yelling, "Whoa!" The young people living cars and country-club doings and ran largely to scarlet upholstered tour-house parties, as small town younger generations are apt to. When Ted went to high school half the boys in his little clique spent their after-school hours dashing up and down Main street in their big, glittering cars, sitting slumped down in the middle of their spines in front of the steering wheel, their sleeves rolled up, their hair combed a militant pompadour. One or the other of them always took Ted along. It is fearfully easy to develop a taste for that kind of thing. As he grew older the taste took root and became a habit.

Ted came out after serving his term, still handsome, spite of all that story writers may have taught to the contrary. But we'll make this concession to the old tradition. There was a difference. His radiant blonde was dimmed in some intangible, elusive way. Birdie Callahan, who had worked in Ted's mother's kitchen for years, and who had gone back to her old job at the Haley house after her mistress' death, put it sadly thus:

"He was always th' han'some devil."

AT LEAST SATISFIES HUNGER

Evening Meal Served on Japanese Street Would Not, However, Appeal to the Fastidious.

It was toward evening when a slowly looking fellow with a traveling restaurant landed on the street corner, rang a little bell and announced that the evening repast was now in readiness, says a correspondent of the Christian Herald. Many of the poor people nowadays find it hard to

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®



Dresses! Well Her Going-Away Suit Alone Comes to Eighty Dollars.

scribe Miss Wenzel? There is one of her in every small town. Let me think (business of hand on brawn). Well, she always paid eight dollars for her corsets when most girls in a similar position got theirs for 59 cents in the basement. Nature had been kind to her. The hair that had been muddy brown in Minnie's schoolgirl days it had touched with a magic red-gold wand. Birdie Callahan always said that Minnie was working only to wear out her old clothes.

"Oh, yes," said Jo. "I knew a fellow that did that. After he came out he grew a beard and wore eyeglasses and changed his name. Had a quick, crisp way of talkin', and he cultivated a drawl and went west and started in business. Real estate, I think. Any way, the second month he was there in walks a fool he used to know and bellows: 'Why, if it ain't Bill!' Hello, Bill! I thought you was doing time yet? That was enough. Ted, you can black your face and dye your hair and quint, and some day sooner or

ignored him. Mrs. Dankworth, still dashing and still widowed, passed Ted one day and looked fixedly at a point one inch above his head. In a town like ours the Haley house is like a big, hospitable club house. The men drop in there the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night, to hear the gossip and buy a cigar and jolly the girl at the cigar counter. Ted spoke to them when they spoke to him. He began to develop a certain treat to the poor old soul, why Minnie Wenzel lets her see some of her waddin' clo'ses. There never yet was a woman who end resist showin' her weddin' things to every other woman she end lay hands on. Well, Miss Mulcahy, she said that grand tressay and she said she never saw th' beat. Dresses! Well, her going-away suit alone comes to eighty dollars, for it's been made by Molkowski, the little Polish tailor. An' her weddin' dress is satin, do yuh mind? Oh, it was a real treat for my aunt, Miss Mulcahy."

Birdie walked over to where Minnie Wenzel sat, very white and still, and pointed a stubby, red finger in her face.

"Is the grand manager ye are, Miss Wenzel, gettin' status an' tailor marks on yer salary. It takes a woman, Minnie Wenzel, to see through a woman's thricks."

"Well, I'll be dinged!" exploded Jo Haley.

"Yuh'd better be!" retorted Birdie Callahan.

Minnie Wenzel stood up, her lips caught between her teeth.

"Am I to understand, Jo Haley, that you dare to accuse me of taking your illity money, instead of that miserabile ex con the who has done time?"

"That'll do, Minnie," said Jo Haley gently. "That's a-plenty."

"Provo it," went on Minnie, and then looked as though she wished she hadn't.

"A business college education is a grand, fine thing," observed Birdie.

"Miss Wenzel is a graduate av wan

Ted worked that day with his tooth set so that his jaws ached next morning. Minnie Wenzel spoke to him only when necessary and then in terms of dollars and cents. When dinner time came she divested herself of the black sateen sleevelets, wriggled from the shoulders down in a la Patricia O'Brien, produced a chamois skin, and disappeared in the direction of the washroom. Ted waited until the dining-room was almost deserted. Then he went in to dinner alone. Someone in white wearing an absurd little pocket handkerchief of an apron led him to a seat in a far corner of the big room. Ted did not lift his eyes higher than the snowy square of the apron. The Apron drew out a chair, shoved it under Ted's knees in the way Aprons have and thrust a printed menu at him.

"Roast beef, medium," said Ted, without looking up.

"Bless your heart, yuh ain't changed a bit. I remember how yuh used to jaw when it was too well done," said the Apron, fondly.

Ted's heart came up with a jerk. "So yuh will cut yer old friends, is it?" grinned Birdie Callahan. "If this wasn't a public dining-room maybe yuh'd shake hands with a poor but proud workin' girl. Yer as good lookin' as ever, Mister Ted."

Ted's hand shot out and grasped hers. "Birdie! I could weep on your apron! I never was so glad to see anyone in my life. Just to look at you makes me homesick. What in Sam Hill are you doing here?"

"Waitin'. After yuh ma died, seemed like I didn't care t' work fer no privit family, so I came back here on my old job. I bet I'm the homeliest head waitress in captivity."

Ted's nervous fingers were plating the tabletop. His voice sank to a whisper. "Birdie, tell the God's truth. Did those three years cause her death?"

"Niver!" lied Birdie. "I was with her to the end. It started with a cold on th' chest. Have some French fried with yer beef, Mr. Teddy. They're iligent today."

"Call around tomorrow morning," interrupted Jo Haley, briefly, "and Minnie Wenzel will show you the ropes. You and her can work together for a couple of months. After then she's leaving to make her underwear, and that. I should think she'd have a bale of it by this time. Been embroidering them shiny things and lunch clothes back of the desk when she thought I wasn't lookin' for the last six months."

Ted came down next morning with his teeth and the chip still balanced lightly on his shoulder. Five minutes later Minnie Wenzel knocked it off. When Jo Haley introduced the two joyfully, knowing that they had originally met in the First Reader room, Minnie Wenzel acknowledged the introduction only by lifting her left eyebrow slightly and drawing down the corners of her mouth. Her air of hauteur was a triumph, considering that she was handicapped by black sateen sleevelets.

I wonder how one could best de-

sign into them the cruelest kind of chopsticks, presents them to his miscellaneous crowd of customers. Sturdy coolies leave their cart shafts, haggard women release loads of boxes and bundles from their backs, precocious children sorely in need of handkerchiefs and staggering under the heavy load of an often unworn younger brother or sister, aged from two weeks to three or four years—all hollow-cheeked and thin, with a constant stooping posture, with great rapidity bolt down this soothng meal.

The noisy gulping and much gurgling, and as a last resort turn to this "macaroni" restaurant, where they are able to get a meal for one or two cents. I wondered if this man got his supply from the manufacturer whom I saw kneading the dough on a straw mat with his feet, not a great distance away.

Dipping ball into water and again in succession into separate bowls, the vendor adds a separate bowl, on account of excessive toll and their father had.

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The Coward.

"What that young man given you any encouragement, daughter?"

"Oh, yes, mother."

"What did he say?"

"He asked what sort of a disposition

you have."

Old International Arbitration.

Discussing 82 inscriptions which

record settlements of disputes be-

tween the ancient Greeks and other

nations, M. N. Tord finds a system of

international arbitration that will com-

pare favorably with the modern

Tribunals were appointed by spon-

taneous agreement, by the intervention

of friendly powers or by compulsion,

and made decisions often on grave

questions, such as disputed territory.

The use of arbitration began in the

second century B. C., and the method

was known also in Egypt and Baby-

lonia. Sometimes it was refused and

at all present, it sometimes failed to

effect a permanent settlement.

Benefit in Comradeship.

Half the difficulty of fighting any se-

vere battle or accomplishing any hard

task vanishes when a man feels that

he has comrades at his side fighting in

the same cause, so that the eyes of

those he loves are upon him, and that

they're praying for his victory. —C. Perry.

"Birdie! I want to talk to you" "Say it quick, then," said Birdie over her shoulder. "The doors open in three minutes."

"I can't tell you how grateful I am. This is no place to talk to you. Will you let me walk home with you tonight after your work's done?"

"'Will I?'" said Birdie, turning to face him. "I will not. Th' swell mob has

shook you, an' a good thing it is. You was travellin' with a bunch of racers when you was only built for medium speed. Now you're got your chance to a fresh start and don't you ever think I'm going to be the one to let you spoil it by beginnin' to walk out with a dinin'-room Lizzie like me."

"Don't say that, Birdie," Ted put in.

"It's the truth," affirmed Birdie.

"Not that I ain't a perfectly respectable girl, and ya know it. I'm a good slab, but folks would be tickled to hear the chance to say that you had nobody to go with but the likes av me. If I was to let you walk home with me tonight, yuh might be askin' to call next week. Inside half a year

you was lonesome enough, yuh'd ask me to marry yuh. And b'gorna," she said softly, looking down at her unlovely, red hands, "I'm dead jenred. I'd do it. Get back to work, Ted Terrell, and hold yer head up high, and when yuh say your prayers tonight thank your lucky stars I ain't a busy

one."

\$10,000 Man Off Duty.

"What beautiful eyes you have!"

"You mustn't say such things to me."

"But you have. They're the most wonderful eyes I've ever seen. And what glorious hair!"

"I wish you wouldn't talk this way."

"Your gown is a perfect dream!"

While you would look well in anything you choose to wear, tonight you are more beautiful than usual."

"You're getting silly!"

"No, I'm not! I mean every word I say. Really, you are the most charming creature I have ever looked at. If I were an artist, how I would long to paint your portrait!"

"I shall leave you if you don't stop. Besides, you don't mean half you are saying."

"Do—Indeed, I do! You are a glorious beauty. The whiteness of your hands fairly shames the diamonds you are wearing!"

"George, you must—"

But George didn't. He kept right on raving for two hours, and if the girl had any sense at all, she must have wondered what it was the corporation found in him to pay \$10,000 a year for.

—Detroit Free Press.

Man More Modest.

You would think that the telephone girl would be the last one to knock her sex on the use of the phone wouldn't you?

"A man is more modest than a woman in the matter of telephoning," declared the girl at the switch in a New York hotel.

"You would think that a woman would be the last one to knock her sex on the use of the phone wouldn't you?"

But it is just the other way. You never hear a man talking in a public telephone booth with the door standing open. Not so with a woman. A woman never seems to care who overhears what she has to say. She never takes any pains to see whether the door to the booth is closed. She doesn't care one way or the other. It doesn't make any difference whether the talk is with her dressmaker or with some man. She talks right out and all can listen if they want to. Maybe it isn't so much that the woman doesn't care as that she just doesn't think about people

The Man Who Came Back

By Edna Ferber

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I used to look forward to ironin' day just for the pleasure of pressin' his fancy shirts for him. I'm that partial to them swell blonds. But I dinaw, he's changed. Doin' time has taken the edge off his hair, an' complexion. Not changed his color, do yuh mind, but dulled it, like a gold ring, or the like, that has tarnished."

Ted was seated in the smoker, with a chip on his shoulder, and a sick horror of encountering someone he knew in his heart, when Jo Haley, of the Haley house, got on at Westport, homeward bound. Jo Haley is the most eligible bachelor in our town, and the slipperiest. He has made the Haley house a gem, so that traveling men will cut half a dozen towns to Sunday there. If he should say "Jump through this!" to any girl in our town she'd jump.

Jo Haley stroked leisurely up the car aisle toward Ted. Ted saw him coming and sat very still, waiting.

"Hello, Ted! How's Ted?" said Jo Haley, casually. And dropped into the adjoining seat without any more fuss.

Ted wet his lips slightly and tried to say something. He had been a breezy talker. But the words would not come. Jo Haley made no effort to cover the situation with a rush of conversation. He did not seem to realize that there was any situation to cover. He champed the end of his cigar and handed one to Ted.

"Well, you're takin' your lickin' kid. What you going to do now?"

The rawness of it made Ted wince. "Oh, I don't know," he stammered. "I've got a job half promised in Cicago."

"What doing?"

Ted laughed a short, ugly laugh. "Driving a brewery auto truck."

Jo Haley tossed his cigar dexterously to the opposite corner of his mouth and squinted thoughtfully along its buring sides.

"Remember that Wenzel girl that's kept books for me for the last six years? She's leavin' in couple of months to marry a New York guy that travels for ladies' cloaks and suit-

scribes. After she goes it's nite with the lady bookkeepers for me. Not that Minnie isn't a good, straight girl, and honest, but no girl can keep books with one eye on a column of figures and the other on a travelling man in a brown suit and a red necktie, unless she's cross eyed, and you bet Minnie isn't. The job's yours if you want it. Eighty a month to start on, and board."

"I can't, Jo. Thanks just the same. I'm going to try to begin again, over again, somewhere else, where nobody knows me."

"Oh, yes," said Jo. "I know a fellow that did that. After he came out he took no pains to lower her voice."

"Well I must say, Mr. Haley, you've got a fine nerve! If my gentleman friend was to hear of my working with an ex-con I wouldn't be surprised if he'd break off the engagement. I should think you'd have some respect for the feelings of a lady with a name to keep up, and engaged to a swell fellow like Mr. Schwartz."

"Say, listen, m' girl," replied Jo Haley. "The law don't cover all the tricks. But if stuffing an order was a travel, the second month he was there in walks a fool to be used to know and follows: 'Why, it ain't Bill! Hello, Bill! I thought you was doing time yet! That was enough. Ted, you can black your face and dye your hair and suit, and some fine day, sooner or

widows persist in being dashing?"



Ted Saw Him Coming and Sat Very Still, Waiting.

said that he was the only man in our town who knew how to wear a dress suit. The men were forever slapping him on the back and asking him to have a little something. Ted's good looks and his clever tongue and a certain charming Irish way he had with him caused him to be taken up by the smart set. Now, if you've never lived in a small town you will be much amused at the idea of its boasting a smart set. Which proves your ignorance. The small town smart set is deadly serious about its smartness. It likes to take six-hour runs down to the city to fit a pair of shoes and hear Caruso. Its clothes are well made, and its scandals as crisp, and its pace as basty, and its golf club as dull as the clothes and sandwiches and pace and golf club of its city cousins.

The hasty pace killed Ted. He tried to keep step in a set of young folks whose fathers had made our town. And all the time his pocketbook was yelling, "Whee!" The young people being cars and country-club doings and ran largely to scarlet upholstered tour-house parties, as small town younger generations are apt to. When Ted went to high school half the boys in his little clique spent their after-school hours dashing up and down Main street in their big, glittering cars, sitting slumped down on the middle of their spines in trout of the steering wheel, their sleeves rolled up, their hair combed a militiaman's parapona. One or the other of them always took Ted along. It is fearfully easy to develop a taste for that kind of thing. As he grew older the taste took root and became a habit.

Ted came out after serving his term, still handsome, spite of all that story writers may have taught to the contrary. But we'll make this concession to the old tradition. There was a difference. His radiant blonde was dimmed in some intangible, elusive way. Birdie Callahan, who had worked in Ted's mother's kitchen for years and who had gone back to her old job at the Haley house after her mistress' death, put it sadly thus:

"He was always th' han'some devil."

AT LEAST SATISFIES HUNGER

Evening Meal Served on Japanese Street Would Not, However, Appeal to the Fastidious.

It was toward evening when a slowly looking fellow with a traveling restaurant landed on the street corner, rang a little bell and announced to all that the evening repast was now in readiness, says a correspondent of the Christian Herald. Many of the poor people nowadays find it hard to

have a morsel of rice or even barley, and as a last resort turn to this "macaroni" restaurant, where they are able to get a meal for one or two cents. I wondered if this man got his supply from the manufacturer whom I saw kneading the dough on a straw mat with his feet, not a great distance away.

Dipping ball after ball of this "macaroni" into boiling water and again in succession into separate bowls, the vendor adds a sprinkling of cheap soy and green onion cuttings and sticks

into them the craggiest kind of chopsticks; presents them to his miscellaneous crowd of customers. Sturdy coolies leave their cart shafts, boggard women release loads of boxes and bundles from their backs, precocious children sorely in need of handkerchiefs and staggering under the heavy load of often unweared younger brother or sister, aged from two weeks to three or four years—all hollow-chested and stooping posture, with their constant stooping posture, with great rapidly bolt down this seething mess.

The noisy gulping and much gurgling and sucking in of the breath which so distressed a Westerner may be excused by the fact that in their minds it only shows a polite appreciation of their food.

The Coward.

"Has that young man given you any encouragement, daughter?"

"Oh, yes, mother."

"What did he say?"

"He asked what sort of a disposition father had."

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Mrs. GENE H. CARLSON, Box 201, Oconomowoc, Wis.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Pure vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brentwood

CANCER

(Gum, Lungs, cured, No. 100, Free Book, Dr. WILLIAMS, 2021 UNIVERSITY AVENUE S.E., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.)

Sudan and Billion \$ Grass

Chips in 10 days from mailing! Free specimen. Postage paid by mailer. Box Catalogue Price

John A. Salzer Seed Co., Box 710, La Crosse, Wis.

Vox Populi.

"What is public sentiment, pa?"

"The capital by the manipulation of which politicians acquire fortunes."

The Busy Bee.

"What has become of the founder of the Homemakers' club?"

"She is suing for divorce."

Many School Children Are Sickly.

Children are feverish and cross with great immediate relief from Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They cleanse the stomach, act on the liver, and purify the blood. A pleasant remedy for worms. Used by Mothers for 20 years. At Druggists, Esq. Sample FREE Address, A. G. Orlitzky, Le Roy, N. Y.

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"The law forbids this kind of dog on the cars, sir."

"What laws can forbid one kind of dog?"

"The laws against expectoration, sir. Your dog is a Spitz."

Wanted Explaining.

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He paused impressively. Immediately a drawing voice came from the back of the hall.

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Building the Kitchen Fire.

A good way to build a coal fire in a range is to crush paper and place it in the empty fireplace. Lightly placing on it fine split wood laid like lattice work. On this arrange a second layer of slightly larger kindling of hard wood. Replace the covers and light the paper from underneath. See that all dampers are open and check closed.

When the wood begins to burn which should be in about three minutes, add two shovelfuls of coal so placed as to rest on the burning wood. When this ignites add coal to fill the box to within one or two inches of the covers—never above the top of the oven, otherwise there will not be air space to cause a draft.

In a few minutes, usually about five, depending on the strength of the draft, close the smoke damper so as to send the heated air around the oven and up the chimney. Keep the lower draft open till the coal begins to look red in a few places, then close all drafts.

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For fever patients or those on liquid diet I find Grape-Nuts and alum water very nourishing and refreshing.

"This recipe is my own idea and is made as follows: Soak a teaspoonful of Grape-Nuts in a glass of water for an hour, strain and serve with the beaten white of an egg and a spoonful of fruit juice for flavoring. This affords a great deal of nourishment that even the weakest stomach can assimilate without any distress.

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Look in pugs, for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

LOVE BY TELEPHONE

By LUCY GORTON BARROWS.

"No!" shouted Simon Barclay in a thunderous tone, crushing out the fondest of human hopes, immovable as a rock.

His pretty niece, Hetty, covered her face with her hands and broke down utterly in a storm of tears.

"Cruel—cruel!" she sobbed.

"And a last meeting with this gay gallivanting young man—understand?" pursued her callous-souled relative.

"You are breaking my heart!" moaned Hetty, and really believing it.

"It isn't because Ned Monroe is after your little fortune, as most young fellows are nowadays."

"What—what is it, then?" faltered poor Hetty.

"It's because he's an electrical maniac. Huh—telephone! Who heard of such a thing in my young days? Gossip-breeders, I call 'em: Worse than that—is caterin' to laziness. Tried to get me to put one in my house. I'd like to see em' now! I've said my say. Drop this beau, or I'll send you off a thousand miles to my sister, where you can't see him."

Antiquated, narrow-minded Simon Barclay had invented a new name for the most estimable young man in Redfern. He hated all innovations, especially a telephone. There was a reason. Simon had bargained too slowly in the purchase of a piece of property he coveted, a shrewd neighbor had got to a telephone and outbid him. He hated telephones after that, and Ned Monroe in the bargain, for was not that energetic young man the head linesman of the district telephone plant?

Hetty groped around the house all day. She was disconsolate. If ever a girl loved a bright intelligent young fellow, it was she. As to Ned, she knew that she was to him as the apple of his eye. She dreaded meeting him, but she was loyal to a promise she had made to her uncle that there would be no exchange of notes, no clandestine meetings. Hetty knew that promptly at 5:30 Ned would pass

over. One guarded the front door of the house as they reached it. Ned and the other man went around to the porch that opened into the office of old Simon.

"Just in time!" announced Ned, and he and the office sprang into the room. One of the burglars was guarding his victim with a revolver. The other had just lifted his strong box from the safe.

The officers departed with their prisoners. Ned explained.

"A telephone did it!" muttered old Simon, closely hugging his treasure box. "But for that—join hands!" he said abruptly. "I'm converted, Hetty. This young man may put in a phone in the morning. As to come here in regular, I fancy he's earned the privilege."

And so love by telephone led to love directly under the home roof. (Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

mission of the double wire loop running from the fence up into the old apple tree.

For three consecutive evenings Hetty sauntered carelessly down the road. Her uncle supposed she was going to visit the daughter of the farmer just next to them. Hetty had noted him standing at the door of the house the last evening of the three, watching her till she was out of sight. She made a cautious detour to reach the old tree.

The fourth evening Hetty did not start away until she saw Mr. Barclay's biscuit cutter. He carried his little afreign morning, Judge Park pre-
dicted, and Robert Morse as court

photographer. The morning was taut.

Sp in getting ready for business, had which some time was given over

to writing papers to new citizens,

who are a number in the county who

want to become citizens of the

United States, and since the

U. S. countries have been

engaged in butchering the common

meat many of them have been stim-

med in their desires, a condition for

which they cannot be blamed.

The indications are that the pres-

term of court will be rather a

one, as most of the cases have

been settled or continued over

the next term of court. There

is a number of criminal cases on

the calendar, but most of these have

been thrown out or disposed of by

defendants signifying their in-

ability to plead guilty.

The case of the state against

Mr. Anderson, the defendant, will

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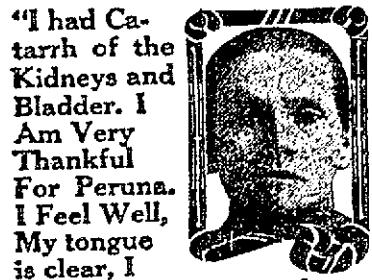
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Genuine must bear Signature

Breath Food**CANCER**

Cures in 80 days from seedling! Produces enormous fruits in 10 days. All work guaranteed. Postage paid for any shipment. BIG CATALOG FREE.

John A. Salter Seed Co., Box 718, La Crosse, Wis.

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"The capital by the manipulation of which politicians acquire fortunes."

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Children who are delicate, feverish and cross will get immediate relief from Carter's Little Liver Pills. They cleanse the system, act directly on the liver, and are recommended for complaints of children, especially for those under 12 years of age. At All Drugists, 25¢. Sample FREE. Address: A. S. Olmsted, La Crosse, N. Y.

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"To

Napoleon Near Capture.

After the passage of the Milno

of Italy, in the hour of victory, was compelled to escape through the back gate of the gardens with but one boot on!"—The Napoleon Anecdotes, W. H. Ireland.

Beware of Discontent.

Discontent is the father of tempest.—Annie.

Reson crumpl shows itself more reasonable than to cease reasoning on things above reason.—Sir P. Sidney

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Purchasing Power of One Acre of Corn in Wisconsin.

NOTICE OF ANNUAL SCHOOL MEETING

Article	Quantities Purchasable	Average
Coal Oil, Gals.	183	128
Coffee, lbs.	90	63
Lard, lbs.	162	113
Salt, lbs.	14	10
Blinder Twine, lbs.	217	152
Nails, lbs.	794	556
Starch, lbs.	257	250
Sugar, lbs.	412	283
Milk cans, (10 gal.)	9	6
Rubber Boots, prs.	6	4
Shoes, brogan prs.	10	7
Calico, yds.	367	250
Muslin, yds.	270	179
Sheeting, yds.	120	84
Barb Wire, lbs.	862	594
Lime, bbls.	18	12
Paint, gals.	12	9
Staples, lbs.	558	412
Wire Fence, rods	72	51
Shingles, per M.	6	4

The purchasing power of an acre of corn averaged 58 per cent greater in 1913 than in 1899; that is, one acre of the farmer's crop in 1913 could buy 58 per cent more of the articles usually bought by farmers than in 1899. The purchasing power of the 1914 corn crop is estimated by the U. S. Department of Agriculture as 2 per cent greater than in 1913.

Prepare Now For Dear Eggs Next Fall.

If the farmer wishes to benefit by the high prices that eggs are certain to bring next fall and winter, he should begin to get ready for them at once, say the poultry specialists in this department. The way to have eggs late in the year is hatch pullets early. It is the early hatchers from which the early pullets are derived that are the largest money makers for the poultry producer. The early hatched cockerels can be marketed in almost any market in America when they attain a weight of three-fourths of a pound to one and one-half pounds each, which they should reach at about six to ten weeks of age, respectively, at a greater profit to the producer than at any other time of their lives. The early hatched pullets, if properly grown, should begin to lay in the fall when eggs are scarce and high in price.

RUDOLPH

C. W. SCHWEDE,
Mar. 1, '15. Clerk of Board of Education

Mesdames Matilda Elliott and Evelyn Croteen are in Grand Rapids today to visit their niece, Lotte Ribbands, who has been quite sick.

John Wilkins was quite sick with an attack of stomach trouble on Sunday but has since recovered his usual health.

Bat Sharkey, who has been visiting friends and relatives in this place and at Grand Rapids for some time past, left on Monday for his home in Canada.

Wm. Bushman has been seriously ill with an attack of heart trouble.

Miss Ella Greunewold is back at the home of Dr. Jackson again after a week's vacation.

Miss Alvira Jansen returned home on Friday from Riverview Hospital where she underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. Louis Alberts is getting along nicely after undergoing an operation at Wausau.

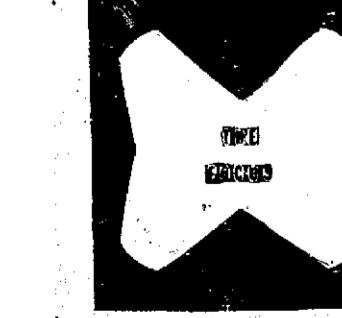
A Medical Book Free

By Dr. N. A. Goddard

Modern Methods of treating Chronic Diseases without Operation, has just come from the pen of Dr. Goddard the Milwaukee Specialist and is one of the most interesting as well as instructive little books the doctor has ever written.

If you are a sufferer from Appendicitis, Rupture, Gall Stone, Colic, Goiter or Chronic diseases of a private nature, you should avail yourself of this offer to send you this valuable little book free simply for the asking. A postal will bring it to you, in a plain wrapper. Many so-called surgical diseases, have been proven to be curable by medical treatment, more safely more easily and cheaply by modern medical methods than was believed possible a few years ago.

After you have read this little book you can consult Dr. Goddard on his monthly visits to Grand Rapids, free of charge and have the satisfaction of knowing that you have secured the expert opinion of a reputable specialist in these matters. If you have been advised to submit to an operation, surely do not fail to consult him before undergoing such an operation. His advice may save you many weeks of suffering, loss of time and expense, possibly your life. Dr. Goddard will be at the Dixon Hotel all day Tuesday, Mar. 16th, and he makes no charges for a friendly visit. Hours 9 a. m. to 7:30 p. m.



Or the Pure Food Laws is to place in the Publics' hands food stuffs without any adulteration.

In these days there is hardly a flour that is impure, but there is many a flour that is represented as being the best—a flour can be pure but still be far from the best.

When we say our flour cannot be excelled we know we are stating a fact that your neighbor, who uses it, will back up.

"Best by test," VICTORIA FLOUR.

Grand Rapids Milling Co.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

NOTICE OF ANNUAL SCHOOL MEETING

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THINKS NEW PLAN IS NOT EFFECTIVE.

The Literary Society of the Northwest Collegiate Institute held their first meeting of the semester last Friday. After the installation of officers and the Lyceum Gazette by Jean Whitney and Elmer Sonnens, members of the faculty responded to the call for impromptu speeches.

Glen Warren of Stevens Point spent Friday and Saturday at the home of R. O. Evans.

The Sherry Boys basket ball team kept their record for good playing at the game with Auburndale played at Friday evening. It resulted in a victory for the local team with the score of 15 to 60.

Mrs. Hugh Jones has been quite ill the past week but is better at present.

Mrs. Jos. Feldman of St. Paul has returned home after a week's visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Whitney.

The Sherry second basket ball team was defeated by the Blenker team Saturday evening, the score being 9 to 4. A return game is expected to be played at Sherry Friday evening.

A Chicago friend of Pres. W. J. Agnew of the Northwest Collegiate Institute has presented the institution with a gift of a chemical laboratory worth about five hundred dollars. The friends of the school rejoice with him in this good fortune.

Forest Dills and family of Fond du Lac are visiting at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Dills.

It is recovering from an injury incurred on the railroad in which he is employed.

The Presbyterian Church was exceedingly fortunate in having with them for both morning and evening services last Sunday the Rev. Charles Adams, of Merrill, who is Superintendent of Home Missions of this Presbyter. In the morning Rev. Adams, assisted by Rev. W. J. Agnew and Rev. Jas. Deans of Vesper, conducted the ordination services of the new elders of the church, David Davis and Hugh Williams. Special music was furnished by the choir under the direction of Miss Ellie Thompson, and a beautiful cornet solo was rendered by Floyd Seal.

William Jones returned Friday night from Waupaca.

While in Sherry Rev. Chas. Adams of Merrill visited the Northwest Collegiate Institute, and gave at the Monday morning Chapel service a splendid address on the theme "Fight the good fight." It was greatly appreciated by all who hope they may soon have an opportunity to hear him again.

Jeff Atkey, Emil Allan and Douglas Grocock were in your city Thursday on business.

The company are soon to have a motor on the dam for raising the gates. Bill Hanan says they are quite heavy for one man to handle.

Albert Flick layed off one day the past week to attend to some business matters.

John Hanan and Percy Pike took in the party at Mrs. Flick's last Sunday.

Mrs. Dorie Reimer and Lizzie Oelke visited Mrs. Ray Cooper last Monday.

Ernest Paugels Jr. stayed at his grand folks Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Paugels for two weeks, helping his uncle Miller do the chores.

Miss Lizzie Oelke and Wm. Young were married Saturday, Feb. 27, in the East Side Lutheran church. Herman Young was best man and Miss Delta Reimer, bridesmaid. Mr. and Mrs. Young left on the noon train for Milwaukee where they will make their future home.

The Pie Social at Ernest Wilke's was not very well attended. The few who did report having had a fine time.

Paul Mann has resigned his position at the mill as oiler and will move to Rudolph where he will start a blacksmith shop. Mr. Mann is a first class blacksmith and will no doubt do very well in the new location.

Alfred Brys is now working in the pulp mill as roll Skinner.

John Hansen was in our berg the last week with a load of wood for A. L. Akey.

Mrs. Joe Sweeney was in your city the past week doing some shopping.

The big generator room at the mill is nearly completed. When done it will be one of the best jobs done in this neck of the river.

MIECHAN.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Shepherd Feb. 23, a baby girl.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Bardon, Feb. 23.

Garrett Fox went down to Saratoga Saturday for a few days visit.

Clarence Newby and Tom Hodgen have been sawing wood around here the past week. They have a good outfit.

The Alart & McGuire Co. are contracting with farmers to grow cucumbers for pickles again this year and the prospects are that a good many acres will be planted there.

Information can be had by calling on Henry Lute who will do the weighing for the company.

Rev. Raymond came up from Neekoosa and held church services Sunday forenoon.

Mr. Vic Ward and family of Amherst Jet. came over here and spent Sunday visiting with friends.

Mrs. Rose Parks went to Stevens point last Friday to visit her mother, Mrs. J. T. Bryan.

The house on the Cline Cradle place burned to the ground Saturday afternoon. It was occupied by Ed. Shepherd and the Hale families who lost all their goods in the fire.

The fire started from the stove-pipe and burned so rapidly that neighbors could not get there in time to save anything and the men folks of the place were all away at the time.

The most critical thing was that Mrs. Shepherd whose baby was only four days old was taken from her bed under the burning roof out into the open winter air. But mother and baby were immediately taken to the home of neighbors and at present are getting along nicely.

D. D. CONWAY

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Law, loans, and Collections. We have \$2,000 which will be loaned at a low rate of interest. Office over First National Bank, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wisconsin. Telephone 325.

M. Coyle.

Caught With the Goods.

Say Jim, the older you from your feet is something terrible and no need of it. Barker's Antiseptic will knock it in 15 seconds. For sale by Sam Church, Johnson & Hill Co., and Edw.

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